JOHN BULL.

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JOHN BULL.

LONDON, JANUARY 9.

MINISTERIAL INFATUATION.

The Duke of DEVONSHIRE'S farewell address to his former constituents in the Rossendale Division is a dignified and weighty document in every way worthy of its author. If only we could be sure that the electors of the Division were influenced by reason and right principle, and unswayed by the arts of agitators and demagogues, we should feel no doubt as to the response which they are about to make to their old representative's appeal. But, although we do not pretend to forecast the result of the pending Rossendale election, it would be folly to profess any confidence on the subject. It seems to be thought that the miners of the district have it in their power to turn the scale between the two candidates; and, as the Gladstonian is represented to have returned a "satisfactory" reply to the demand that he should pledge himself to support the attempt to enforce the Eight Hours' Day by law, his chances of victory would seem to be considerable.

Now, what does the parliamentary enactment of the Eight Hours' Day really mean? It is advocated as a measure of protection of the weak against the strong—as an emancipation of the employed from the tyranny of the employer. There is something rather amusing in the audacity of influential combinations like the Trade Unions pretending that they are not strong enough to get the Eight Hours' Day for themselves. The object of this agitation is transparent enough. It is to secure shorter hours without having to pay for the boon by a corresponding reduction of wages. And in order to attain this purely selfish end, the agitators do not scruple to ask for a law under which a worker—who is quite as competent to judge for himself in the matter as they can be to judge for him—shall actually be forbidden, under pains and penalties, to labour for a longer time than these people choose to prescribe for him.

A more tyrannical attempt to deprive an individual of his just freedom to dispose of his own as he wills was never made. So outrageous a proposal merits nothing but the sternest condemnation from all just-minded men. There is no room for any half-heartedness or temporising in the matter. Yet during the last week a member of the Conservative Administration, a Cabinet Minister, has been treating the question as though it were an open one. Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH stated various objections—obvious enough to all sensible persons—to enforcing the Eight Hours' proposal is perfectly true. What we object to, and that in the strongest manner, is that he should regard it as a matter to be discussed and investigated by Parliament. To make an admission of that kind is the merest weakness. It affords one more indication of the desperate efforts of the Ministerialists to vie with their Radical and Socialist opponents in bidding for the support of the most ignorant and venal portions of the electorate.

A precisely similar impression is created by the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE'S references to several other topics in his speech at Bristol on Wednesday. We have no fault to find—far from it, indeed—with the sympathy he expressed for the aged and respectable poor who in the workhouse are compelled to associate with the degraded and the vicious. No doubt something might be done, or at least attempted, in the way of classifying the inmates of our workhouses, and in treating with the respect due to old age the elderly people who, through no fault of their own, are dependent on parish relief. But there is nothing in these considerations to warrant Sir MICHAEL HICKS BEACH'S unpractical views on the subject. It is easy to talk of "liberal outdoor "relief;" of substituting "cottage life" for workhouse life; and of granting aid to the poor "without the stigma of pauperism." But if to translate these sentimental aspirations into action would cost money, and entail an extra burden on the thrifty ratepayers, where is the justice of the proposal?

Sir MICHAEL HICKS BEACH'S utterances on this subject are all the more ominous in view of the announcements made at Birmingham with respect to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S scheme for National Pensions. The Conservative Cabinet Minister declares that he himself "sees no "objection in principle" to the notion that the State having established a system of National Insurance should proceed to guarantee to each insurer over 65 years of age a weekly allowance of 5s. The supplementary grant from the State would of course come out of the pocket of the taxpayer. This is the kind of "fad" which Ministers seem prepared to entertain. They appear determined to leave nothing undone to disgust and alienate the Conservative classes of the community. No wonder that the opinion is gaining ground among the Tory party that it would be better for the country if their Leaders were to be relegated to the bracing atmosphere of Opposition. There is a good deal to be said, from the point of view of domestic politics, for the view that the Tories out of office could do much more in the way of withstanding Revolutionary Progress than they are likely to effect while subject to the temptation of outbidding their adversaries in promoting Radical measures. There is something—perhaps a good deal—to be said on the other side, too. But it relates almost exclusively to the foreign policy of the Empire—a subject which we propose to discuss in our next leading article.

CONSERVATIVE FOREIGN POLICY.

It is always an advantage to know the worst that a fair-minded and intelligent adversary can urge against your conduct. From this point of view Conservatives should find Sir CHARLES DILKE'S ably written paper in the *Fortnightly Review* by no means unpleasant reading. No public man of Liberal opinions is better entitled to be heard on the subject of foreign policy; and it is a relief to find that his indictment is of a comparatively innocuous character. Sir CHARLES DILKE'S chief points are that we have conceded too much to France in Madagascar and Newfoundland, and have failed to conciliate her with respect to Egypt. What we notice about Sir CHARLES DILKE'S criticisms is an absence of due sense of proportion. Even if his allegations were true—which we do not think to be the case—it is surely out of all reason to place the Madagascar question (or, for that matter, even the Newfoundland question) on a par with that of Egypt. We are really unable to perceive the immense importance to this country of the future of Madagascar. Sir CHARLES DILKE writes of our "jeopardising British interests in Madagascar," and of our "surrendering those liberties of the "Hova nation which were not ours to give up." British interests in Madagascar are, after all, not very great, and they are not in any particular danger. And if Hova liberties are "not "ours to give up," neither are they ours to protect. We maintain that, in any case, it was worth our while to recognise the preponderance of France in Madagascar, if it secured her assent to our Protectorate of Zanzibar.

It is true that Sir CHARLES DILKE contends that we might have had Zanzibar previously without paying so dearly for it. The answer is that that chance fell, not to the Conservatives, but to their predecessors. That we were fully entitled to establish the Zanzibar Protectorate, and that we might once have done so without serious opposition, is indubitably the fact. But the blame for neglecting that opportunity lies at Mr. GLADSTONE'S door, not at Lord SALISBURY'S. We agree that the cession of Heligoland was an immense boon to Germany. But it was only one part of a large transaction the whole aim, and the actual result, of which was to establish cordial relations between Great Britain and the Triple Alliance—a policy as to which we shall have something more to say presently.

We turn next to the count of Sir CHARLES DILKE'S indictment that relates to Newfoundland. And here we note that the critic writes as though the matter were concluded, and concluded by an unworthy concession to France. That proposition seems to us untenable. We have always held and maintained that the interpretation put by the French on their treaty rights is utterly erroneous. But, after all, and in spite of the long and weary delays that have taken place in the negotiations, there is a prospect of an amicable settlement some time or other. Lord SALISBURY has shown himself long-suffering and patient; but if and when a friendly arrangement is concluded, it will be well worth while to have expended even years in negotiation in order to obtain it.

We have still to allude to the most important question of all—that of Egypt. Sir CHARLES DILKE endorses the charge which French politicians bring against this country of having failed to keep our word about Egypt. We ask, in reply, what pledge has been broken? The only pledge that England has made is to leave Egypt when Egypt is in a position to stand alone. Sir CHARLES DILKE will hardly venture to affirm that that time has arrived. Least of all will he advocate the evacuation of Egypt now that the KHEDIVE'S death has placed a youthful ruler on the throne. Will Sir CHARLES tell us at what moment it has ever been possible to state with truth that our withdrawal from Egypt would not have left her exposed to the danger of relapsing into chaos? Only lately we have heard that the MAHDI fears England alone. Nothing but English intervention has year after year saved Egypt from being overrun by the barbarians of the Soudan.

Sir CHARLES DILKE seems to think more of the feelings of France than of his own countrymen's susceptibilities. Is it nothing to our national pride that we have sacrificed the lives of so many brave men and spent such vast sums of money in the task of safeguarding Egypt? Would it be no source of humiliation to Englishmen to see the admirable and successful results of British administration thrown away? Surely this is a point not to be contemptuously dismissed as though it were unworthy of consideration. And have the Egyptians themselves no rights in the future of their country? Will Sir CHARLES DILKE, who is so eloquent about Hova liberties, deny to the Egyptians the chance of rising out of their old bondage of centuries?

Clearly England has no right whatever to abandon Egypt merely to please French sentiment. She owes it to herself, and to India, and to Egypt, and to the cause of civilisation to stay in Egypt until her mission is accomplished. We should maintain this even if we believed that a British Protectorate would not, some day, have to be set up permanently. In point of fact, we entirely agree with Mr. DICEY—whose article in the *New Review* we qnote elsewhere—that the march of events will over-ride the intentions of the British Government to evacuate Egypt. It has always seemed to us that our occupation must, at the very least, last for an undefined and undefinable period. But, long before Egypt is fit to stand alone, events in Eastern Europe will probably have so developed as to modify the whole position in the Mediterranean, and to force upon Great Britain the annexation of the Valley of the Nile.

Sir CHARLES DILKE can detect no definite object in or definite result from Lord SALISBURY'S intimate relations with the Triple Alliance. We should have deemed it a sufficiently definite object to maintain the *status quo* in the Mediterranean. Sir CHARLES DILKE declares that the House of Commons would never permit a British fleet to be employed in protecting Italy against France. Everything, in our judgment, would depend on the circumstances. Under certain possibilities, which we hope and believe to be extremely remote, we think the House of Commons would feel obliged to assent to our active inter-

vention for the protection of Italy. We are surprised to read the statement that "France would "not have threatened Italy if Italy had held aloof "from the Triple Alliance." The very thing that drove Italy into the Triple Alliance was the policy that had annexed Tunis and was plausibly believed to be menacing Tripoli. And as for the plea that we ought to make friends with France, because she can threaten our trade, we hold that that is a very good reason for strengthening our Navy—not scuttling out of Egypt.

The mention of the Policy of Scuttle reminds us of what the country will have to face if it decides to restore the Gladstonian *régime* at the next Election. We have enjoyed so much tranquillity abroad, we have grown so used to seeing England once more respected by Foreign Powers, that we have almost forgotten the horrible nightmare of Gladstonian mismanagement. The present Government may have disappointed its supporters by its home policy; but the bare idea of letting loose Gladstonian imbecility, folly, and cowardice to work their will on our Foreign Policy is almost enough to deter any thoughtful or patriotic man from contemplating the possibility of Mr. GLADSTONE'S return to power without a feeling of utter consternation.

Reviews.

GOSSE'S GOSSIP IN A LIBRARY *

We think we may acquit Mr. Gosse of being guilty of perpetrating an intentional pun when he selected as the title for the little volume of essays recently republished by him, *Gossip in a Library*. But, at the same time, if unintentional, the coincidence is curious and worth remarking, when we find the name of the author and the name of the book so closely connected, and we hope that it is unintentional, for, if intentional, it is by no means in the best of taste, and, therefore, discords with the rest of the volume. Putting aside, however, the question of title, and recognising once again that the rose by any other name would smell as sweet, we have nothing but praise to bestow on that volume, both in its inception and in its execution. That it is written with much literary acumen and much felicity of diction we need hardly add after stating the name of the author, and the numerous admirers of that author will only need to be told of his new venture, while, to those who are not as yet acquainted with his literary method, *Gossip in a Library* presents a good opportunity of making acquaintance with it. The "studies in miniature," as he well describes them, which are here collected, are twenty-four in number, one-half of which have already appeared in England, ten in the pages of *Black and White*, one in the *Saturday*, and one in the *St. James's*. The other half are new on this side of the Atlantic, having been originally published in an American periodical, the *Independent*, of New York, to the editor of which, as we gather, Mr. Gosse is indebted for the suggestion of the series. That suggestion was, in itself, a good one, and it has been well acted upon by the author, who has given an admirable collection of what may be called retrospective reviews, applying to old and sometimes well-known books the same method of treatment which is employed by the critic in dealing with newly-published candidates for popular favour. He is thus able to combine "a "little criticism, a little anecdote, a little "bibliography," in his notice of books, many of which have lain silent for more than a century, and the application to the old of a test which we familiarly apply to the new is a novel experiment, the success of which will well justify a further extension of these experiments and a second series of *Gossip in a Library*.

Mr. Gosse is a collector as well as a critic, and in the introductory notice prefixed to the present volume discourses lovingly and tenderly about books from the collector's point of view. But it has not been his object in the present delightful and attractively got-up volume to add to the literature on the preserving and collecting of books, which is so plentiful at the present day, but rather, as we have said, to supply a series of retrospective reviews, and this he has done with so much success that it is to be hoped that the popular appreciation of the critic's first *voyage autour de sa bibliotheque* may be so emphatically marked as to tempt him to adventure on a second voyage. Meanwhile, we must content ourselves with recording our high opinion of the results of his first voyage, and commending it to that popular approval, to which it cannot be doubted that the admirable manner in which his publisher has reproduced those results will not a little contribute. For Mr. Heinemann has done his best to clothe in graceful garb the critic's graceful thoughts, and as a mere matter of printing and get-up, *Gossip in a Library* must hold a high place among recently published volumes. At the same it is by no means dependent for its attraction on any adventitious aids, though they are by no means to be despised, and all true lovers of books will be sure to add this volume to their collection, alike from its external and internal recommendations.

The first book which Mr. Gosse subjects to his retrospective criticism is "Camden's Britannia," and we in these degenerate days, when we are more than ever convinced that a great book is a great evil, are not unfittingly reminded that this vast antiquarian itinerary, "a folio of some eleven "hundred pages adorned like a fighting elephant "with all the weightiest panoply of learning," was one of the most popular books of its time, and went through no less than six editions in the original Latin before it was found necessary to make the concession of reproducing it in the vulgar tongue, the first English edition published in 1610 being that which Mr. Gosse has selected for review. Next follows a notice of the "Mirror of Magistrates," in which the critic ventures to differ from so high an authority as the late Dean Church as to the share in the production of that famous poetical miscellany which is to be attributed to Lord Buckhurst, the most noteworthy of the poets who took part in it. In opposition to the Dean's view, that it was planned by Lord Buckhurst, Mr. Gosse maintains that the real inventor of the composite poem, which was "conceived when "Mary's protomartyrs were burning at Smith-"field, and not finished till James I. had been "seven years on the throne," was George Ferrers, a prominent lawyer and politician, master of the revels to Henry VIII. towards the close of his reign. But it is only in accordance with the natural order of things that the more notorious contributor, who only made his first appearance in the third edition, should have got the credit of the remarkable literary adventure in which, extending as it did over nearly sixty years without losing its original character, no less than sixteen different writers, the youngest of whom was not born when the eldest died, told over and over again in "monotonous rime" how cruel kings and unjust judges came habitually to a bad end at last. After this follow articles on George Wither and Dr. Donne, and the latter's "Death's Duel," a perfect copy of which is "quite a capture over which the young "bibliophile may venture to glory," provided, that is to say, that his copy possesses the frontispiece—a portrait of the author wrapped in his winding-sheet and, like Charles V. at Yuste, as we were wont to believe till Sir William Stirling Maxwell dispelled the myth, rehearsing his funeral. Next we find reviews of "Gerard's "Herbal," with its marvellous account of "the Goose Tree, Barnacle Tree, or the "Tree Bearing Geese;" of "Pharamond," that marvellous specimen of the heroic novel in vogue in the reign of Louis XIV.; and of a yet more delightful "Volume of Old Plays," as to the purchase of which the critic quotes a stanza from the "Ballad of the Book-Hunter," by a brother *littérateur*. In the latter of these a pleasant old crusted joke in the way of quotation is somewhat ruthlessly got rid off. Who does not remember how—

> A painted vest Prince Vortigern had on,
> Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won?

and who will not regret to find that, on the authority of the first and probably only edition of the drama of *The British Princes*, from which the passage purports to be taken, the real version is—

> A vest as admired Vortiger had on,
> Which from this island's foes his grandsire won?

But we cannot follow Mr. Gosse at length, though all his four-and-twenty retrospective reviews, and must pass by even the graceful sketch of Lady Winchilsea's Poems, "an oasis of "delicacy and refinement in that hot close of the "seventeenth century," and the very amusing article on Ann Lang's book, where some poor milliner's apprentice or servant girl of 1727 finds herself promoted to what Lord Malmesbury would have called temporary immortality, by the fact of some volumes of novels by "the "Ouida of the period, the great Eliza Heywood," with Ann Lang's name written on them, having fallen into the hands of Mr. Gosse. But we must make room for an extract from the review of "The Diary of a Lover of Literature," published in 1810, for which the writer claims our attention as being "the first of those diaries of "personal record of the intellectual life which "have become more and more the fashion, and "have culminated at length in the ultra-refine-"ment of Amiel and the conscious self-"analysis of Marie Bashkirtseff." The author of this diary was Thomas Green, the grandson of a wealthy Suffolk soap-boiler, who had left him an ample estate, a good library, and a hereditary faculty for reading. The grandson lived among his books at Ipswich, "occasionally rolling in "his post-chaise to valetudinarian baths and "'Spaws,'" and recording in a diary which he kept for nearly thirty years his impressions of what he read. It was only the record of the first half of this period that he himself published, but his remaining journals passed after his death into the hands of Mitford, who reproduced fragments of them from time to time in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, where they won the admiration of Edward Fitzgerald, and it is to the credit of the diarist's taste that he anticipated Mr. Ruskin in his appreciation of Turner when that artist was only 22 years of age. It is Mr. Gosse's criticism on this diary that we may select as a specimen of his treatment, though we must add that we think he unduly depreciates the merits of Dr. Parr:—

> It would be difficult to find an example more striking than the *Diary of a Lover of Literature* of exclusive absorption in the world of books. It opens in a gloomy year for British politics, but there is found no allusion to current events. There is a victory off Cape St. Vincent in February 1797, but Green is attacking Bentley's annotations on Horace. Bonaparte and his army are buried in the sands of Egypt; our Diarist takes occasion to be buried in Shaftesbury's *Enquiry Concerning Virtue*. Europe rings with Hohenlinden, but the news does not reach Mr. Thomas Green, nor disturb him in his perusal of Soame Jenyns' *View of Christianity*. The fragment of the *Diary* here preserved runs from September 1796 to June 1800. No one would guess, from any word between cover and cover, that these were not halcyon years, an epoch of complete European tranquillity. War upon war might wake the echoes but the river ran softly by the Ipswich garden of this gentle enthusiast, and not a murmur reached him through his lilacs and laburnums.
>
> I have said that this book is one of the latest expressions of unadulterated eighteenth-century sentiment. For form's sake, the Diarist mentions now and again, very superficially, Shakespeare, Bacon, and Milton; but in reality, the garden of his study is bounded by a thick hedge behind the statue of Dryden. The classics of Greece and Rome, and the limpid reasonable writers of England from the Restoration downwards, these are enough for him Writing in 1800 he has no suspicion of a new age preparing. We read these stately pages, and we rub oure yes. Can it be that when all this was written, Wordsworth and Coleridge had issued *Lyrical Ballads*, and Keats himself was in the world? Almost the only touch which shows consciousness of a suspicion that romantic literature existed, is a reference to the rival translations of Burger's *Lenore* in 1797. Sir Walter Scott, as we know, was one of the anonymous translators; it was, however, in all probability, not his, but Taylor's, that Green mentions with special approbation.
>
> In one hundred years a mighty change has come over the tastes and fashions of literary life. When *The Diary of a Lover of Literature* was written, Dr. Hurd, the pompous and offensive Bishop of Worcester, was a dreaded martinet of letters, carrying on the tradition of his yet more formidable master Warburton. As people nowadays discuss Verlaine and Ibsen, so they argued in those days about Godwin and Horne Tooke, and shuddered over each fresh incarnation of Mrs. Radcliffe. Soame Jenyns was dead, indeed, in the flesh, but his influence stalked at nights under the lamps and where disputants were gathered together in country rectories. Dr. Parr affected the Olympian nod, and crowned or check-mated reputations. "A flattering message from Dr. P——" sends our Diarist into ecstacies so excessive that a reaction sets in, and the "predominant and final effect upon my mind has been depression rather than elevation." We think of
>
> *The yarns Jack Hall invented, and the songs Jem Roper sung,*
> *And where are now Jem Roper and Jack Hall?*
>
> Who cares now for Parr's praise or Soame Jenyns' censure? Yet in our Diarist's pages these take equal rank with names that time has spared, with Robertson and Gibbon, Burke and Reynolds.

Our readers will have seen by this that Mr. Gosse includes in his old books newly reviewed some which were published in the present century, but they will harly be prepared to find him coming down to such comparatively late productions as the poems of the present Duke of Rutland, to whom, as a hereditary legislator rather than as a poet, he pays a high tribute. He also notices Mr. George Meredith's *Shaving of Shagpat* and the remarkable little volume of poems entitled *Ionica*, of which, by the way, a new edition has just been issued by Mr. George Allen, Ruskin's publisher, thus removing it entirely from the catalogue of rare books, and we also believe that the *Shaving of Shagpat* has been republished.

* *Gossip in a Library*. By Edmund Gosse.—William Heinemann, 1891.

Of this latter, according to Mr. Gosse, "one of "those very rare modern books of which it is "certain that it is too short," and also "the "latest in which an Englishman has allowed his "fancy, untrammelled by any sort of moral or "intellectual subterfuge, to go a-roaming by the "light of the moon," he speaks thus enthusiastically in a passage which concludes his interesting volume, and with which we may fitly conclude our notice of that volume :—

There is surely no modern book so unsullied as this is by the modern spirit, none in which the desire to teach a lesson, to refer knowingly to topics of the day, or worst of all, to be incontinently funny, interferes less with the tender magic of Oriental fancy, or with the childlike, earnest faith in what is utterly outside the limits of experience. It belongs to that infancy of the world, when the happy guileless human being still holds that somewhere there is a flower to be plucked, a lamp to be rubbed, or a form of words to be spoken which will reverse the humdrum laws of Nature, call up unwilling spirits bound to incredible services, and change all this brown life of ours to scarlet and azure and mother-of-pearl. Little by little, even our children are losing this happy gift of believing the incredible, and that class of writing which seems to require less effort than any ether, and to be a mere spinning of gold thread out of the poet's inner conscioness, is less and less at command, and when executed gives less and less satisfaction. The gnomes of Pope, the fays and "trilbys" of Victor Hugo, even the fairyworld of Doyle, are breathed upon by a race that has grown up habituated to science. But even for such a race it must be long before the sumptuous glow and rich triumphant humour of *The Shaving of Shagpat* have have lost all their attraction.

PERIODICALS.

The *Magazine of Art* for January, opens with a sketch of the life and works of John Russell, an old Royal Academician, who died in 1806, the main attraction of which is to be found in the very beautiful photogravure from a picture by him, supposed to represent Miss Jane Faden, his wife's sister. This will be almost a revelation to those who are not acquainted with the prince of crayon portrait painters, as he has been called, and the artist must have been exceptionally fortunate in his subject as well as skilful and sympathetic in his treatment of it, while it is far better reproduced than is generally the case in photogravure. Next follows an article on artistic homes, giving, on the whole, a more hopeful view than is ordinarily entertained of domestic architecture of the present day. Two winter exhibitions, that of the British Artists and of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours, are described by Mr. Wedmore with the assistance of numerous examples, of which the most pretentious is the engraving of Mr. Thacker's "Fire Fancies," and the most attractive that of Mr. East's "Dewy Eve," which shows the influence of the school of Corot. Neither the poetry of Mr. Monkhouse's "Dives," nor the illustrations which Mr. Hatherell has supplied to it are much to our taste, and we turn with greater interest to the paper which Miss Prideaux has supplied on a detail of book-binding, much neglected at the present day, but which may be worth reviving by the connoisseur in that not unimportant branch of art. The detail in question is bookedge decoration of which some curious specimens are given mainly selected from the British Museum Library. We hardly agree with the writer of the article that the most attractive form of edge decoration is that in which landscapes are represented on the foredge of the volume, as this method of decoration is, to our mind, quite unsuitable for the purpose, whereas the rich tooled or gauffered edges add to the splendour of the binding without introducing an element of incongruity. The "Illustrated Note-Book," which is a comparatively new but very interesting feature of the magazine, is a praiseworthy attempt to supply a pictorial record of the art world up to date, on a less elaborate scale than is aimed at in the rest of the publication. In the present instalment of it are to be found specimens of old Greek work in glass, terra-cotta, and marble found at Nemi, and presented by Lord Savile to the Nottingham Art Museum, portraits of Mr. Henshaw, a veteran landscape painter lately deceased, and of Mr. Purdon Clarke, the successor of Mr. Wallis at South Kensington, some of the more recent acquisitions of the National Gallery, the much talked of Cæsar Borgia, the sale of which, out of the Borghese Gallery to Baron Rothschild has been the subject of legal proceedings in Italy, an elaborate Greek vase manufactured for Messrs. Phillips by M. Solon, and a very beautiful pulpit of carved oak, erected in Norwich Cathedral from a design by Mr. J. P. Seddon.

The ever-welcome *Temple Bar*, as usual, begins the new year with two new serials, one supplied by the author of "The Sin of Joost Aveling," and the other, which is entitled "Aunt Anne," by an anonymous writer. It is difficult, of course, to form any estimate of their merits at so early a stage, but we hope that they will be no less successful than "Mr. Chaine's Sons," which has been the the great attraction of the magazine during the past year, and that they will neither of them be as unpleasant reading as the powerful but repulsive "Love or Money," which was its companion serial. In addition to these we have the conclusion of a shorter story, also of a painful and unpleasing type, "A New Sensation," and a slight but more pleasing specimen of fiction complete in the present number, "Matthew" which continues a decidedly clever piece of character painting. Passing on from this goodly supply of fiction to the graver matter in the present number, we have to notice a very interesting sketch of Mr. and Mrs. Browning, a review of Amiel's Journal, of which the reviewer shrewdly says "melancholy is not equivalent to intellect and insight," and two of those excellent specimens of historical portraiture, which are a *specialité* of *Temple Bar*, the subjects this month being Mirabeau and Sir Charles Napier. Altogether, the number is up to the average, and will maintain, though perhaps it will not advance, the reputation of Messrs. Bentley's deservedly popular serial.

The publishers of the *Boy's Own Paper*, in addition to that excellent periodical for boys to the merit of which we have so often to testify and without which no properly constituted school-boy can be content with his lot, are issuing in monthly parts two handbooks of games which are also likely to be very acceptable to these youthful readers. Of these that entitled *Outdoor Games and Recreations* has this January reached the ninth out of the twelve parts in which it is to be completed; while the companion series, *Indoor Games and Recreations*, is only in its fourth part. Appropriately enough for the winter season, the former is this month given over to amusements on the ice, and though the Christmas frost left us somewhat abruptly we cannot doubt that the book was eagerly studied with a view to its return, while during the wet and damp which for the time interfered with outdoor sports, the instructions conveyed in the companion part for making a steam fire-engine and for learning chess were doubly valuable. Both one and the other of these serials appear to be admirably done, and when completed will form a cheap but very thorough going manual for amusements, both out of doors and indoors, which no boys' club, no boys' school, and no country house where there are young people can afford to be without.

The main attraction for most readers of the January *Macmillan* will be found in the first instalment of Mr. Marion Crawford's "Don "Orsino." This forms the third part of the Saracinesca trilogy, and introduces us to yet another generation of the family with whom the skilful author has made us acquainted in his earlier works. The hero eponymous is the son of Corona, and we are once again introduced to not a few of the personages with whom we are already familiar in the earlier stage of the drama. Notably among these is to be mentioned Gonache, who has, at the stage which the story reaches, developed into a fashionable portrait painter, and his wife, Faustina, seems no less charming than she was in the old days when she ventured forth into the streets of Rome in search of her lover. We fear that Orsino himself is likely to fall a victim to a siren somewhat too old for him; but, in the meantime, the story of his life, passed as it is in a newer Rome than that to which the accomplished novelist has hitherto introduced us, promises to be very interesting. The opening chapters give us a very graphic and striking picture of that newer Rome, and though it is not always a successful method of treatment on the part of a novelist to carry on his story from generation to generation, and to tell us not only about his original heroes and heroines, but also about their—

Nati natorum et qui nascentur ab illis,

we feel good reason to hope that Mr. Crawford may be an exception to the rule. We do not, indeed, feel quite sure that *St. Ilario* was equal to the original *Saracinesca*, but it was certainly very interesting and very amusing, and if *Don Orsino* only approaches as nearly to the excellence of its predecessor as that predecessor did to the excellence of *Saracinesca*, we shall not have much to complain of. There are two other specimens of fiction in this month's *Macmillan*, one of which, "The Four Students," we must own that we have some difficulty in following, though there is something very striking about the weird narrative, the scene of which is laid in a period which, often as it has been utilised for the purposes of fiction, never loses its interest. The other has a strong Rudyard Kipling flavour about it, and is the work, if not of that writer himself, of a very successful imitator of his manner. Of the graver contents of the number we must mention a very lively and vigorous sketch of Rheims and its surroundings by Mr. Charles Edwards, drawn mainly from a champagne drinker's point of view, and a striking memoir of Andrew Marvell, mainly emphasising the sad fact how "the "singer of an April mood, who might have "bloomed year after year in young and ardent "hearts, is buried in the dust of politics, in the "valley of dead bones." A graver note is struck by Mr. Clarence Bourne in his article on "Hungry Children," where he discusses the question of children's free dinners, a form of charity which appeals very forcibly to many of us, but at the same time, as is shown in his paper, not one the benefits of which are altogether unmixed.

Another social problem is discussed in the current number of the other excellent periodical for which we are indebted to the same publishers, the *English Illustrated Magazine*. In this Miss Sellers pleads earnestly and powerfully for "the sorting of paupers," and protests against the indiscriminate lumping together in these modern days of classes which our ancestors were wise enough to differentiate. Rather more than three centuries ago a distinction was drawn by a committee of noble citizens, presided over by the then Lord Mayor, between "Poore by impotencie, "Poore by casualtie, and thriftless Poore," and it is for the maintenance, or more properly for the reintroduction, of such a distinction that Miss Seller argues. But probably more attention will be given by the readers of the January number to a less grave article, that in which Mr. Hawkins, in view of the present revival by Mr. Irving, discourses about *Henry VIII.* on the stage, in which, by the way, a well-deserved tribute is paid to the most striking revival of that drama by the late Mr. Charles Kean. Next to this article in general popularity will propably be placed that which Mr. Frederick Gale contributes on "Village Life in the Olden "Time," not a little of the popularity of which will, however, have to be attributed to Mr. Hugh Thompson's clever illustrations, but probably readers over the border will prefer Mr. Meldrum's sketch of an old Fife burgh town. Dysart, the burgh town in question, being picturesquely depicted by his collaborateur, Mr. Bloomer. "Fruit Ranching," "Wolf-Hunting in Russia," and a tobacco factory are also graphically described both by pen and pencil, while those who only care for fiction, though not so liberally catered for as usual, will find their tastes consulted in the conclusion of Mr. Clark Russell's "Strange Elopement," and Mr. Pain's very slight but pleasant little sketch, entitled "Rustic Sim"plicity." Nor must we omit to notice the frontispiece of the present number, an excellent wood-engraving by Mr. Gedan, from a picture by Holbein, of George Gizen, merchant of the steel-yard in London.

The January number of Messrs. Macmillan's very attractive illustrated edition of Mr. J. R. Green's *Short History of the English People* takes us down to the period immediately following the Conquest, when England was under the sway of the foreign Kings, and we have got beyond the stage when almost the only authentic sources, from which the illustrations to the story can be taken, are to be found in the illuminated manuscripts, of which such good use has been made in earlier numbers, though these are still effectively resorted to, as in the case of the quaint calendar of the months, and the scenes from the life of St. Guthlac here represented. For illustrating the Conquest itself, recourse is, of course, had to the Bayeux tapestry, but we have now also some architectural remains dating from the period under notice, which give good scope for artistic treatment, and among these we may call special attention to the very beautiful engraving of the cloister at Angers. The rich storehouses of monumental brasses and of old seals, which have so great an historical interest, are also laid under contribution; and the vivid and picturesque text gathers a new interest and attraction when presented to us in this new garb, with illustrations which really illustrate and do not merely decorate it.

Archdeacon Sinclair presided at a meeting held on Monday in the vestry-room of the Church of St. Edmund the King, to urge upon the Government the need of legislation respecting the burial of the dead. It was resolved to petition the Government in favour of the appointment of a Minister of Health. Canon Newbolt moved, and the Rev. B. Savory seconded, a resolution in favour of a memorial from the Association to the Prime Minister on the subject of improved burial legislation. This resolution was also adopted.

ARTS AND LETTERS.

The long-anticipated production of Shakespeare's *Henry VIII.* at the Lyceum has not disappointed the high expectations formed about it. The gorgeousness with which it is mounted outdoes anything in that line hitherto attempted even at the Lyceum; and the realism and accuracy both of scenery and costumes prove how anxious Mr. Irving has been to do the fullest justice to the play. We are not among those who are disposed to cavil at the efforts made nowadays to reproduce, even in the smallest details, the historical surroundings of the scenes represented on the stage. It is easy to complain of being "fatigued" and "oppressed" with splendid accessories, or to find fault with the "over-upholstering" of a play. But it stands to reason that, if a drama is to be produced with any regard whatever to appropriateness of mounting, the thing cannot be done too carefully or too well. For ourselves, we do not imagine that any of the audience at the Lyceum, unless they happen to be *blasé* professional critics, would grumble at the pains bestowed on these externals. In these days of Tudor exhibitions, any shortcomings with respect to historical or archæological accuracy in the manner of putting a play like *Henry VIII.* on the stage, would be felt to be intolerable. This painstaking realism and costly splendour are to be commended as an extremely interesting reproduction of the Tudor Court and period, as greatly aiding the illusion upon which the effectiveness of a play is grounded, and as a fitting tribute to the memory of the greatest of all dramatists.

To turn from this subordinate topic to the manner in which the three principal actors performed their parts, it will be almost universally admitted that Mr. Terriss's King Henry is a distinct success. In make-up he looks the character to perfection, and it may be doubted whether the title-*rôle* of the play has ever been more efficiently filled. That Mr. Irving's Cardinal Wolsey is not in physiognomy like the portraits of Thomas Wolsey which have come down to us, is an unavoidable circumstance. We know that the Wolsey of history was no ascetic. But the actor's interpretation of the part none the less fulfils Shakespeare's intention. In Mr. Irving's presentment of the wily and subtle Chancellor we are curiously reminded of Mephistopheles. But the climax of interest is, it need hardly be said, reached in the famous scene in which Wolsey appears in the play for the last time. The dignified pathos with which Mr. Irving portrays the fallen statesman's remorseful self-reproach and bitter sense of his Sovereign's ingratitude could not be surpassed. Even Mr. Irving has never achieved a higher level of excellence.

As for Miss Ellen Terry's Queen Katharine, we should be disposed to rank it as the greatest of all her parts, if our memory did not recall at least half-a-dozen other of her parts of which each in turn seems entitled to rank first. Suffice it to say that the ideal Ophelia, the ideal Portia, is also the ideal Katharine of Arragon—viewed, of course, from Shakespeare's standing-point. In Lady Macbeth we have never doubted that the Siddons tradition rather than Miss Terry's interpretation represented the dramatist's mind. We have just as little doubt that it is Miss Terry's Katharine, rather than any other, that accords most entirely with his idea. It is a pleasant exercise of fancy to try to imagine what would have been Shakespeare's delight if he could but have seen Ellen Terry's exquisite delineations of certain of his heroines: not least among them this touchingly beautiful one of the injured Katharine.

It should be added that Mr. German's incidental music is throughout a worthy adjunct of the action of the play.

Respecting the Campo Santo at Pisa, Mr. Holman Hunt writes:—"A few days since in Pisa, on a visit to the Campo Santo, I reinspected the frescoes, which are collectively a unique example of the early stages of living Christian art. More peerless than ever they appeared, notwithstanding new mischief which certain influential families—thinking of nothing but the importance of a lost member—had caused in tearing down portions of the sacred wall to put up monuments to their lost heroes. With every damage suffered from such cause, however, it could but be felt that the Italian nation had here an art treasure such as no other people could ever possess. When I was considering how far England might be persuaded to employ capable copyists to make reproductions to these works while still the damp hand of time spared the precious tints, I came upon an erection evidently raised for some painter's convenience, and then I learnt, to my dismay, that an artist was engaged in repainting the works, and at the side I was able to see that this meant the blackening of the celestial purity of colour, and the muddling of every delicate form in the innocent drawing of the figures. It is not disrespectful to the painter to say this, for surely no living master could trust his hand to improve a surface on which time, where he has been able to weaken, has had no power to unspiritualise the traits."

It is proposed to erect at Oxford a statue to Cardinal Newman in Broad-street, opposite the gate of Trinity College.

Any of our readers who can appreciate architectural drawing of the highest order, or who specially admire St. Paul's Cathedral, should possess themselves of the New Year's number of our contemporary the *Builder*. To the series of illustrations of the Cathedrals of England and Wales which was begun last year the editor now contributes an exquisite drawing of St. Paul's, taken from an assumed point of view to the south-west sufficiently far back—about two and a half times the length of the church—to allow the dome to be seen in its true proportions in combination with the two campaniles. The proportions have been worked out in perspective from the plan and a carefully drawn elevation—as was the case with the editor's former view of Canterbury Cathedral. In this way, of course, the leading lines can, of course, be got with perfect accuracy. Even so, however, much is left to the draughtsman's eye. What strikes us about Mr. Statham's drawings is their combination of absolute architectural accuracy with picturesqueness of effect. Not a few other draughtsmen can produce correct architectural drawings that are not pictures; while several excel in making pretty sketches of buildings in which precision is sacrificed to pictorial effect. In his own line, the editor of the *Builder* stands, we think, quite unrivalled. His "St. Paul's" is, to our mind, the finest drawing of the great Cathedral that has ever been made. It exactly expresses the stupendous effect of the building itself.

The same number of the *Builder* contains several other features of interest. Mr. H. W. Brewer shows us a restoration of old St. Paul's as it existed before the destruction of the spire. From the same able pencil comes a restoration of old St. Peter's at Rome, as it was in the middle of the fifteenth century. This is elucidated by an interesting essay. Mr. John Fulleylove contributes a charming drawing of the present St. Peter's—an unusual and little known view; and Mr. John Begg has drawn the north transept of Westminster Abbey Church, as admirably restored by Mr. Pearson. Several other drawings and articles are worthy of attention.

The new Mackonochie Chapel at St. Alban's, Holborn—designed in the late Perpendicular style by Mr. Mileham—is well worth a visit. When quite finished, it will be a gem of architectual design, sculpture, and painting. But, in our judgment, the other decorations, exquisite as they will be, will yield in interest to Mr. Charles Kempe's magnificent stained glass. Nothing like this artist's superb work has been seen anywhere for three centuries; and the specimens of it at St. Alban's are peculiarly fine examples. The greatest glass-painters of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries would not have been ashamed to have such work as this attributed to them.

The National Gallery has just secured thirteen pictures for about £2,800, from the collection of Herr Habich, of Cassel, who has been for some time a collector of choice examples of the rarer Dutch masters of the seventeenth century. They include two interesting works of one of the pupils of Rembrandt, Bernhard Fabritius (who is not to be confused with Karel Fabritius). The pictures are cabinet-sized, the subjects being "The Adoration of the Shepherds" and "The Nativity of St. John Baptist." The only other figure-subject of importance is the sketch of "Amsterdam Musketeers on Parade," formerly attributed to Govert Flinck. A little landscape by Jan Wouverman is welcome. By Cornelis Decker is a landscape that comes very close to Jacob Ruysdael, and Salomon Ruysdael will at last be represented in the Gallery by a first-rate example. Jacob de Wet, of Haarem, seems to have based his landscape style of Rembrandt. There are a little skating scene in the early manner of Hendrik Avercamp, and two early Italian works—a small "Ecce Homo," by Sodomo, and a picture by Liberale da Verona.

This (Saturday) morning at 2,30, and for following *matinées* every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, Mr. W. Kelly will revive *Heartsease*, as adapted by James Mortimer from Alexandre Dumas' famous novel *La Dame aux Camelias*. Miss Grace Hawthorne will impersonate Marguerite Gautier (Camille), the part in which she scored so great a success some five years at this same theatre. *Oliver Twist*, in consequence of its enormous success, will be retained in the evening bill for the present, with Miss Grace Hawthorne as Nancy, and Mr. Bassett Roe, as Bil Sykes.

Correspondence.

THE SO-CALLED "CHURCH OF THE FUTURE."

Sir,—It would not become me to intrude as regards the astounding criticism in the *Church Eclectic* upon your review of my volume *The Sinless Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary*.

But, as a not unwatchful onlooker, I may remark that the scheme of the late Archbishop Tait for setting up a "Church of the Future" has been ably and very widely supported, both here and in the Protestant Episcopal Church of America, as we may note in the gradual unfolding of its non-dogmatic plan.

We now know—at least I do, for I have before me written evidence of the details of the scheme—how the abolition of the Athanasian Creed would have been certainly effected if the late Dr. Pusey and Canon Liddon had not intimated to Archbishop Tait their settled intention of at once resigning their preferments if such a revolution were effected. I hope the Pusey-House people—engaged on Dr. Pusey's and Canon Liddon's biographies (who hold the key of the situation)—will publish a true record of all this.

That abolition of the Creed would have involved the doctrines of the Blessed Trinity and the Incarnation becoming "open questions" in the Established Church—a position which the most illogical and unexpected allies in the High Church party appear to be now labouring to securely establish.

Our Blessed Saviour, it is again and again implied—God forgive the blasphemy—was not so well-informed regarding David, Isaiah, and other sacred writers as Mr. Gore believes himself to be; and the "Very God of Very God" stood in a far inferior intellectual position to that of the modern German authors of the "higher criticism." For this is what is involved.

In the so-called "Cambridge Declaration," now before one, dated February 3, 1872, and signed by Professors Westcott, Swainson, and Lightfoot, a great step forward was made when the Creed in question was thus officially and ignorantly attacked.

Again, as regards the Incarnation, Canon Bodington has recently pointed out that in Lightfoot's *Commentary on the Epistle to the Colossians*, seventh edition, p. 103, this instance occurs: "The doctrine of the false teachers . . . was a denial of Christ's *two-fold personality* and his mediatorial office":—a sentence in direct opposition to the Athanasian Creed and utterly anti-Catholic, untheological, and false.

Again, as regards the doctrine of the Trinity, may I remind you that in Oct., 1886, you were directly informed in a letter printed by you that the Bishop of Ripon had ordained "*a Unitarian minister, a regular contributor to a serial which openly denies the truth of the Incarnation*"? The person in question—as was stated in your columns—"is reported to be pledged to repudiate the Athanasian Creed, and to get its use made optional in the Church services."

You yourself stated in a note to that communication, that "the thing seems so incredible that we are not prepared to accept it as a fact."

Since then, however, the person in question, not even now a naturalised Englishman, has been made a priest by the same Bishop, and instituted to a vicarage within ten miles of the Bishop of Ripon's Palace: no one objecting.

Equally notable and alarming facts have occurred in the diocese of Manchester: while statements concerning our Redeemer uttered by a newly-imported dignitary there were so alarming, that even a Unitarian minister characterised them as "startling and shocking."

Here in London it has been said that the poet of the "Church of the Future" is not to be David, or Adam of St. Victor, or Ken, or Keble; but Robert Browning. As Archdeacon Farrar, in 1886, remarked, Browning's "religion, like his philosophy, was a religion of charity, tolerance, and love; and to him the essence of all religion was to believe in God and to live our lives as in His presence," a proposition obvious excluding the doctrines of the Holy Trinity and the Incarnation. (*Address to the Browning Society*, 1886-1887.)

If the clergy are so faithless and false in handing down the deposit of Divine Faith for those who shall come after, can we wonder that even their presumed best political friends now contemplate "disestablishment and disendowment" with calm equanimity; or that the candle of the National Church seems not unlikely to be all too soon removed?

Yours obediently,
FREDERICK GEORGE LEE.

All Saints', Lambeth, Jan. 5, 1892.

TITHE COMMUTATION—SEPTENNIAL AVERAGES.

Sir,—As a result of the corn averages for the seven years to Christmas, 1891, published in the *London Gazette* of this evening—viz., wheat, 4s. 0½d. per imperial bushel; barley, 3s. 5½d. per imperial bushel; £84 2s. 3½d. per imperial bushel—I beg to state that each £100 of the tithe rent-charge will, for the year 1892, amount to £75 18s. 3½d., being, on the commutation, about ¼ per cent. less than last year. The following shows the worth of £100 tithe rent-charge for the last seven years:—For the year 1885, £93 17s. 3d.; 1886, £90 10s. 3½d.; 1887, £87 8s. 10d.; 1888, £84 2s. 8½d.; 1889, £80 19s. 8½d.; 1890, £78 1s. 3½d.; 1891, £76 3s. 3½d. The average value of £100 of tithe rent-charge for the fifty-six years which have elapsed since the passing of the Tithe Commutation Act is £100 4s. 4½d.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,
THE EDITOR OF "WILLICH'S TITHE COMMUTATION TABLES."

Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co., 39, *Paternoster-row, Jan.* 5, 1892.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH UNION.

Dear Sir,—Lord Halifax would be much obliged by your giving prominence in your next issue to the particulars contained in the enclosed paper.

Yours faithfully,
J. B. HARDY, Lt.-Colonel.
Secretary E. C. U.

35, *Wellington Street. Strand, W.C.*
January 1st, 1892.

RESOLUTIONS PASSED AT A MEETING OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH UNION HELD ON TUESDAY. DECEMBER 8, 1891.

(1.) "That, in the opinion of this Union, all changes of procedure in cases of criminous Clerks should be dealt with by Canon under Royal Licence; and, further, that any attempt to proceed by Act of Parliament only would be contrary to the Constitution in Church and State."

(2.) That a copy of the above Resolution be sent forthwith to every Member of the Convocations of Canterbury and York, to the Prime Minister and the First Lord of the Treasury, and to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.

STATEMENT OF CANONICAL PRINCIPLES CONCERNING CLERGY DISCIPLINE.

Issued by Direction of the Council of the English Church Union.

1. The Catholic Church is a divinely constituted Society, the visible Kingdom of Christ upon earth, possessed of an inherent power of ruling and governing its subjects in spiritual matters;

2. This power resides by succession in the Episcopate, acting synodically and in other canonical manner, and in the Episcopate alone;

3. This power is not limited to doctrine, but embraces positive discipline.

4. This power, having been originally and immediately delegated to the Apostles by our Lord Jesus Christ is of Divine Right;

5. The Church, by its own inherent authority, has power to make laws, to administer laws, and to enforce the observance of its laws in the spiritual domain—in other words, it possesses legislative, executive, and judicial powers;

6. The sanctions and penalties of the Church are, strictly speaking, purely spiritual;

7. The Law administered is the Canon Law, which binds intrinsically in conscience;

8. Procedure, legislative and judicial, is expressly provided for by the Canon Law;

9. Spiritual Causes must be concluded in Spiritual Courts;

10. The State, being *jure divino* the guardian of Civil Rights is by consequence bound, upon complaint made, to ascertain whether Justice has been done to an incriminated Clerk;

11. The appeal *tanquam ab abusu*, subject to the principle laid down in No. 9, may be legitimately made to the State;

12. Statute Law touching Ecclesiastical matters is "mere temporal," and consists only of rules laid down by the State for the conduct of the Civil Power in dealing with such temporal rights as come in contact with spiritual duties;

13. Any so-called Ecclesiastical Court, constituted by Act of Parliament only, possesses no spiritual jurisdiction, and consequently, all its proceedings are spiritually null and void;

14. The so-called Ecclesiastical Courts, as now existing in England, are not Courts Christian the authority of which in spiritual matters can be conscientiously recognised, inasmuch as the procedure established by the Church Discipline Act of 1840 is "mere temporal," and constituted by authority of Parliament only—the said Act, moreover, having paralysed the action of the canonical Courts Christian by a specific prohibitory clause;

15. None but a Bishop has power to suspend, deprive, or depose a Clerk;

16. No provision for *ipso facto* voidance of an Office or Benefice can operate without the declaratory Sentence of the Bishop in the spiritual Court;

17. Any scheme for the alteration or regulation of procedure in the matter of discipline must be embodied in Canons enacted by Convocation, and such action of Convocation should precede any Parliamentary action needed to give civil sanction to the Canons;

18. No resolutions of Convocation expressing approval of a Bill in Parliament purporting to regulate Clergy Discipline can give spiritual authority to such Bill if it becomes law, nor can such resolution be equivalent to Canons.

December 15, 1891.

THE CLERGY AND POLITICS.

Sir,—I hold most strongly that it is the duty of every incumbent to show by precept and example how intimate is the connection between secular life and religion. To me it seems positively wrong to abstain from expressing on suitable occasions (not, of course, from the pulpit) one's views on political questions. I would never canvass a parishioner individually, or in any way attempt to exercise any private influence over his vote, but I would take every care that he understood how I was going to vote and my reasons. I should let him plainly see that while I was perhaps very anxious as to the general result of an election, yet as regards himself I was only anxious that he should have every means of forming and exercising an independent judgment. Perfect fairness and openness in this way, to my certain knowledge, will win many votes to the parson's side, whichever it may be. This is his legitimate influence, and I have little patience either with those who dare not publicly take a side on important questions affecting their parishioners and their nation, or with those who strive to impress their partisan views by bring their private influence to bear on individuals. What the rural voter thinks is too often a mystery. But let him feel that he can think what he likes on public questions and vote how he likes without offending either parson or squire, however opposite their views may be, and he will be gradually encouraged to try and express his thoughts. This is the first necessary step to clearing them. I would, therefore, by all means encourage free discussion, and in Church schools, as far as their trust-deeds will allow, elsewhere when they will not; and let the parson manfully take his part, but as far as possible upon terms of strict equality with the rest.

WALTER C. BAKER.

Batcombe Rectory, December 28, 1891.

THE REVOLT OF THE RATEPAYER.

Sir,—If a candidate, or his agent, at a Parliamentary election, gives a voter a pot of beer, the giver goes to prison. But if a candidate for a seat in Parliament, or for the Premiership, promises to convey wholesale the property of one class to another, as a bribe for their votes, it is quite a legitimate form of canvassing under the present morality of public life. No penalty is incurred, and the briber may hope thus to win a seat in Parliament, or possibly be restored to Downing-street.

At the present time the agricultural labourer has many ardent and anxious suitors, none more ardent than the recent orator at the Holborn Restaurant. There was, indded. on that occasion no question of bribing by beer—it was not an Elizabethan breakfast—but how as to wholesale promises verbosely shadowed forth! What was the prospect held out to the agricultural labourer? Why, small farms and allotments compulsorily taken from the owners and given to the labourer, the cost of the conveyance of the property in question being borne by the ratepayers.

Now, here in London this long-oppressed and long-suffering individual has at last been roused from his lethargy and submissive endurance. He has shown his strength at the late School Board election by returning members pledged to economical administration, and there is good hope of his influence being no less beneficially felt at the coming County Council election. If then it was necessary, from the experience of the past, that the London ratepayer should form an association for his defence, it is no less necessary—looking to the rural rating possibilities of the not very remote future—that rural ratepayers' defence leagues should be established, outside of party politics, in every county throughout the land. Thus, and thus only, is there a hope of a stop being put to the wholesale system of electioneering bribery which politicians of all denominations are carrying on—not, as of old, at their own cost, but at that of the ratepayer, and of taxpayers in general.

Your obedient servant,
WEMYSS.

St. James's-place.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

ACROSTIC RULES.

A Prize of One Guinea is given every month for the successful solution of the Acrostics appearing in the *John Bull*.

The present monthly competition will include the Acrostics that are given on Jan. 2, 9, 16, 23, and 30.

At the end of the month, in case competitors tie, they will proceed to guess off the ties, being debarred from prize-winning in the fresh monthly competition so long as they are engaged in contesting the ties.

No competitor can gain more than two Monthly Prizes in the course of the year.

All solutions must be forwarded not later than the Monday week following the appearance of the Acrostic addressed to the ACROSTIC EDITOR of the *John Bull*, 6, Whitefriars-street, Fleet-street, E.C., and signed by a pseudonym of not inordinate length.

Alternatives to the number of three are allowed.

All solutions received are acknowledged, whether correct or not.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC, No. 4.

(DECEMBER, 1891.)

1. V O W
2. A LIB I
3. N OU N
4. E MERAL D

Solutions have been received from White Hat, J.E.M., Iden, Rattle, Edith, Boozlewax, The Owl, Etak, Viz, M.A.E.B., Garbir, Elle, Molly, Katydid, Hadji, and Dunston.

JULY TIES.—Correct solutions have been received from E.A.F. and Sociable, who remain competing.

OCTOBER TIES.—Correct solutions have been received from Chelmsford, Noryb, E.V.P., Chameleon, and The Griffin, who remain competing.

DECEMBER LIST.

1. Viz, Frith, Grasmere, Remlaw, White Hat, Hadji, Katydid.

2. Two Countesses, J.E.M., M.A.E.B., The Owl, Molly, Dunston.

3. Rattle, Etak, Boozlewax, Edith, Iden.

4. Garbir and Elle, who have tied for the December prize and remain competing.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC, No. 2.

(JANUARY, 1892.)

PROEM.

Both much in fashion at the present time,
One comes from the East, one from a Northern clime.

1.

Gossip in homely English styled.

2.

At once suggests the name of a wine.

3.

Party with very good cause reviled.

4.

Dance that easily you may divine.

JOHN BULL.

LONDON, JANUARY 9.

A St. Petersburg correspondent hears that the Emperor was enraged when informed of the extent to which the adulteration of grain, flour, and other produce has been carried on, not only in St. Petersburg, but in other parts of the Empire. His Majesty, on being informed of the doings of the agents connected with St. Petersburg Town Council, struck the table at which he was standing with his fist, and expressed his indignation in a very forcible manner. It is expected that many of the principal members of the municipality will be dismissed. The adulteration of grain seems to be general. At Odessa and other ports the Government inspectors have found most of the samples they have examined to be adulterated, in some instances as much as thirty per cent. Two clerks in one of the largest firms in Odessa have been imprisoned, and M. Pachert, who has sold the town of St. Petersburg more than 400,000 roubles worth of grain and flour, has been put under arrest.

M. Dournovo, Minister of the Interior, is being made the scapegoat of much official blundering. He should not be the only official to suffer the displeasure of the Czar. By dismissing M. Dournovo, the Emperor marks his anger at the distress which exists in Russia, notwithstanding that his Majesty on several occasions lately publicly denied the existence of famine. When last week he reviewed a Finnish regiment, and the colonel at the close of the proceedings offered 2,000 roubles, which was originally meant to be spent on a dinner, as a contribution towards the succour of the famine-stricken people, the Emperor remarked, as he refused the offer, "There is no famine in my Empire."

From an article in the *Nineteenth Century* by Nicholas Shishkoff (of the Red Cross Society), on the horrors of the Russian famine to which we have already referred, we extract some of the most interesting details. The writer journeyed for a fortnight in the heart of the famine-stricken province of Samara. For a long time previously the complete failure of last year's harvest in most of the districts of the province, and the necessity of prompt and efficient measures to prevent a famine, where the main subjects of discussion in all the county and provincial assemblies in Samara. It was known that in many villages the unprecedented drought of the summer had destroyed all the crops, that fodder would be scarce, that the peasants had no resources. Petitions were sent to the Ministry for a grant of nearly 9,000,000 roubles (£1,000,000) to stave off the impending distress. Ever since the beginning of July it had been contemplated to buy rye and wheat in the south and east of Russia where the harvest was known to be fairly good. And yet somehow nobody really understood the actual state of affairs. A bad harvest has, during the last twenty years, been rather the rule than the exception in the southern districts. But then only two or three of the sixty provinces that make up the European portion of the Russian Empire were affected. Last year the harvest failed—either completely, or nearly so—in *twenty-two* of the provinces. A third part of the peasants, say 20,000,000 souls, who live exclusively on the produce of their fields, have lost their daily bread.

Between the 7th and 25th of October, travelling in an open cart drawn by a couple of half-starved ponies, the writer made a journey of about 400 English miles, and visited twenty large villages in the district of Nickolaïevsk, taking notes as he went. The sickening horror of such a scene as he met with made him wonder whether a battlefield could be as bad as the sight of hundreds of men, women, and children, slowly perishing from hunger and cold:—"I saw numbers of men in their prime, with drawn, stony faces and hollow eyes; miserable women clothed in rags (having sold their best dresses), and children shivering in the keen October wind as they stood silently round me, while some old man would be telling the same weary, wretched tale. 'We have sold our last horses, cows, and sheep; we have pawned our winter clothing; we have seen no bread for a fortnight. There is nothing left to sell. We eat once a day—stewed cabbages, stewed pumpkin; many have not even that. Some of us still have a little bread, made of chaff, pounded grass seeds, and a little barley flour (this bread looks like a cinder, has a bitter taste, and causes violent headache and nausea from the poisonous seed). Many of us have not tasted *any* food for three days. Have mercy on us, we are dying."

"One morning, about half an hour before sunrise," continues M. Shishkoff, "I was taking a cup of tea before starting from one of these famine-stricken villages, when I happened to look out on the frozen street. Under my window, I saw two children of about six years old, begging. A raging wind was scourging them with sleet and snow, and their wretched little shoulders showing through the rents in their rags. I opened the sash and gave them bread. Five minutes had not passed before another couple of children were shivering before me. I gave them a bit of money. In ten minutes time, a crowd of about thirty women and children had gathered before the house; and as I drove away in the grey dawn of an icy October day, my heavy wraps hardly sufficing to shield me from the piercing gale, I saw the station-master expostulating with a crowd of nearly seventy poor wretches, begging to be admitted to 'the gentleman who gives.' Most of the men were in their summer coats, and many women had babies in their arms. When I next visited this village, five days later, bringing aid, in corn and money, from the Red Cross Society of Samara, I heard from the mayor that, only a few hours before my arrival, the local doctor had rescued a boy of seventeen and his sister, a girl of ten, from death. They had been out begging (a third part of the entire population of this settlement, say 1,500 souls, live on the charity of their hardly less miserable neighbours), and for the last *five days* had not received a penny or a single slice of bread. Their strength had failed, and when some of their neighbours, alarmed at the silence in their hut, entered the room—they found the girl huddled up under a heap of rags in the corner, and her brother, unable to move hand or foot, unable to speak, stretched on the planks. When the doctor arrived, the lad's jaws were so firmly locked that a knife was used to force them open. Hot tea and brandy, then small bits of sugar, were given to him, but it was fully an hour before he was able to eat. The girl was less exhausted, probably because her brother had given her all the best bits of food. The doctor told me of numerous cases, where whole families had been rescued by him under similar circumstances. He named many that had been living for weeks exclusively on water-melon rinds stewed to a greenish jelly; scarcely more nourishing than cork shavings would be. As far as I know, there are thousands of families in the district of Nikolaïevsk alone who are, or will soon be, in the same terrible condition; speedy relief must be obtained, and sufficient to meet the demand."

In round numbers, there are 2,500,000 men, women, and children in the province of Samara. At least one-half of them will have to be supported by Government and private aid. The approximate number of people who will have to rely exclusively on private charity may be fixed at from 175,000 to 200,000. About 2,580,000 roubles (£258,000) more are needed. Yet probably ten or fifteen times more money is required to meet the necessities of the other twenty provinces. Three million pounds demanded from private charity! And this, not to help the poor peasants, not to ameliorate their condition, but only to save life.

The enquiries made by a special correspondent employed by the *Times* tend to confirm all that is here said of the misery of the Russian peasantry, whose condition in the districts he has traversed is simply desperate. He found the country gentlemen doing their utmost for their poorer neighbours; but there was a general conviction that if the famine is repeated in another year's time, the nation will become bankrupt. The wealthy landowners are said to be keeping away from their estates, leaving the peasantry to be cared for by the poorer gentry, who themselves are in sore straits. Many an English labourer lives in more comfortable quarters than the majority of the Russian country gentry. Some of the richer merchants refuse to support the Red Cross Society, because they distrust its honesty. But though the gentry are little better off than the peasants, the latter, who are proprietors of their own land, not mere tenants, look upon all aid coming from the gentry as their due.

The same writer describes a visit he made to a miserable hut. A kind of vapour poured out at the opened door, and on entering he descried through the thick atmosphere several human beings whose attitude and appearance filled him with horror. In the background stood a wrinkled hag, squalid and wretched to the last degree. To the right was an immense stove, and over this a broad shelf on which several frightened children were huddled together. They looked dirty and savage beyond description. A fearful stench pervaded the hut. "Cap in hand, with trembling knees, haggard cheeks, and hollow eyes, stood the owner, who bade us welcome with a cringing humility, and a look of mingled cunning and fear. Besides the old peasant and his wife there were two young men and their wives. I realised that three generations camped on that shelf over the stove. As to overcrowding in the London slums, I have seen something of that, but this beat anything that London could show. My guide looked round restlessly and insolently, his cap on his head, while the peasants stood uncovered.

"'What bread have you got?' he said. 'Show us your bread!'

"'We have no bread. We have had nothing to eat for three days, by God,' they all sang in a sort of chorus.

"'Nonsense, you have some bread!'

"'Not a morsel, so help us God!'

"They looked as though they had not eaten anything for weeks, not days. Some of the neighbours had nothing but the skeletons of their barns left, and several had begun to consume the roofs of their huts for fuel. The live stock of the village had been reduced to a single famished-looking sheep and a horse, that was only a bag of bones. 'You see, my friend,' said the guide, 'this peasant is one of the poorest. He has no corn, no cattle, no food. Yet he is not marked down for the receipt of relief until three weeks hence, because he is still able to work.'" The same picture presented itself again and again. Several peasants who protested that they had no bread were found to have entire loaves—and a Russian loaf is no trifle—of half-meal bread; that is, not coarse, black bread, but rye bread mixed with wheat. They all made things appear worse than they were. But the burning of their own roofs is a sign which leaves no doubt as to the acuteness of the distress: "What struck me most during visits to these huts was first of all the appalling fact that the major part of the vast empire known as European Russia—namely, fifteen provinces—is in receipt of what we should call outdoor relief. Imagine an entire country, about ten times the size of England, completely pauperised, the country gentry turned into guardians of the poor, the Government a gigantic workhouse. The next fact which strikes one forcibly is the absolute helplessness and self-abasement of the peasants. Where there are no country gentlemen the peasant seems to be absolutely ruined. The fact is the entire population is invertebrate. The country gentleman has been placed in a most unenviable position. The peasants believe that the Czar has given him money for distribution, and that he is keeping it back. If this view gains ground, it may lead to very serious complications. A party of

peasants went to a telegraph station, and handed in a telegram addressed to the Emperor, to the effect that the Governor of the province was stealing the money which was their due, and which 'the little Father' had sent for distribution among them. The telegram was not sent, but it led to the institution of an inquiry, which proved that a belief existed among the people that as they sent their money to the Emperor it was his duty to keep them. Besides, it was thought that, as he could have as much money as he liked, money could be no object to him."

In a later despatch, the correspondent describes his host as saying:—"Properly speaking, there is no actual starvation at present. But it will come. There is much distress, and great difficulty in aiding the peasants. We do not wish to distribute alms indiscriminately, and hence many perplexities and troubles arise." The writer then speaks of the difficulty of accurately estimating the true condition of the peasant. The Zemski Natchalnik has, as a rule, a population of 100,000 souls under his charge. It is manifestly impossible to investigate each case. Hence it is easy to impose upon him. The length of time a Russian peasant's family can support themselves upon a few mouldy crusts is one of those problems that perplex the mind. Absolute starvation is the only condition upon which relief is distributed. Naturally, therefore, the peasant exaggerates the urgency of his need.

In the *English Illustrated Magazine* Miss Edith Sellers writes on the "Sorting of Paupers." She begins by describing an English workhouse:—"In a midland county there is a certain workhouse of which its managers are inordinately proud; and with reason, too, for in its way it is a perfect model. The house itself is thoroughly well built; the rooms are large and lofty; and all the arrangements with regard to heating and ventilation are upon the most approved principle. From an æsthetic point of view the place is certainly hideous, with that square barn-like ugliness which is so terribly oppressive; but then, beauty of structure can hardly yet be regarded as a *sine quâ non* for a workhouse. Inside and out it gleams with cleanliness. The windows—there are rows and rows of them all just alike—are simply appalling in their brilliancy; and so are the long white walls, which seem to catch each ray of sunlight as it falls and give to it an almost cruel intensity. The gowns and caps of the women are without spot or blemish, and on all sides are neatness and order. Everything goes as if it were upon wheels; 'there's a bell for this and a bell for that,' and all the meals are served to the minute. Each pauper there is well housed, well tended, and moderately well fed; what can he wish for more? Casual visitors are puzzled to account for the air of profound depression that pervades the place; and for the helpless, hopeless despondency which is written on every face they meet. The children, as they trudge along, walk sedately by twos and twos, as if they knew by instinct that running and laughing and such-like sports were never intended for little paupers. Even the babies wear an expression of preternatural gravity; whilst, as for the faces of the women. . . . Is there anything on earth more pathetic than the faces of pauper women, as they sit together in an afternoon in those bare white rooms of theirs, just waiting for time to pass? Gentle-spoken, kindly beings some of them; others the veriest old hags a doss-house ever harboured; yet all equally wretched—all people who have nothing to do in the world, whom nobody wants. Amongst the men the misery is more active, if not more intense, An old farmer whom bad harvests have ruined shrinks away with sullen indignation from the ex-jail-bird who works by his side. The ne'er-do-well who, in his time, has spent thousands, scoffs and gibes at the workman who could always have counted his earnings on his fingers. The only bond of union amongst the lot is their utter hopelessness; the knowledge that sticks will always be there to be chopped, and that they will have to chop them—at least until that day comes when they will be left, each one in his turn, to gaze at that long dazzling white dormitory-wall, waiting for the end." The writer's object is to show that one of the most necessary reforms in our Poor Law administration is the discriminating between the "poore by casualtie, the poore by impotencie, the thriftless poore, and the valiant beggars." On the Continent, Miss Sellers is able to show, and particularly in Austria, successful attempts are made to "sort" paupers.

On the subject of London fog, Dr. Alfred Carpenter writes that the more the matter is discussed the more clearly it appears to him that taxation is the only way out of the difficulty. "The London County Council has just become the executive for putting into operation sanitary laws far more inquisitorial and exacting than those suggested by me. They must have house inspectors who must visit every room, and who should have in their hands a report, filled by up the occupier, as to the nature of the fire appliances." Another correspondent, writing on the same subject, observes:—"What we need for the formation of an ordinary mist is a chilled vapour-charged atmosphere and minute, solid particles to serve as nuclei for the condensation of this vapour into the droplets of water of which mist is composed. The mist may be aggravated into a fog if from any cause it is made abnormally dense, and it happens that such conditions exist in towns. Mr. Aitken, F.R.S., of Falkirk, has shown that in towns these conditions are the existence in the air of an abnormally large supply of solid nuclei—which are quite independent of smoke—and the presence of sulphurous acid, which, likewise, is independent of smoke. The sulphurous acid comes from coal, and will come from coal whenever and however that coal is burnt. The amount of this gas sent into the air of London in one day is prodigious, for it will weigh about one-fiftieth of the total coal consumed. That the intensity and pungency of town fogs are due to this is a view which has been confirmed by so high an authority as Helmholtz, and it is idle to talk of the reduction of fog to mist by the smokeless burning of coal. It is no doubt true that the dirtiness, flavour, and unpleasantness of fog are much increased by the admixture of smoke, and no effort should be spared, in fair weather or foul, to mitigate the smoke nuisance. It acts, too, as an intensifier of fog, as has been shown by Dr. Frankland, by retarding the evaporation of the droplets of water of which the fog is composed. Professor Oliver Lodge has shown that fogs may be dispersed by means of a continuous discharge of electricity into them, but he would be the last person to anticipate that such a method could be applied outside Utopia to the smallest town in the kingdom. The only solution of the fog question is to be looked for in the substitution of electricity for steam as a motive power and the use of gaseous fuel instead of coal. If coal is carbonized the gas can be freed to a very large extent of its sulphur and the pollution of the air by this great fog-producer vastly diminished. If the use of electricity be made economical as compared with steam, the use of coal will decrease. Scientific men are constantly at work endeavouring to improve the methods of preparing gaseous fuel, and no problem engages more scientific effort in this country than that of the economical production, transmission, and utilisation of electrical energy."

The Hon. George Curzon gives in the *New Review* an account of a visit he has recently paid to the monasteries of Mount Athos. He says:—"It was after threading the poetic Vale of Tempe, that 'long divine Peneian pass,' along the banks of the coffee-coloured Peneus, and below the sister heights of Olympus and Ossa and Pelion, that we embarked on board our vessel and started for our destination. Pallene, the nearest of the three prongs which project tridentwise from Chalcidice in the sea, lay right opposite, the low land in the middle of the peninsula giving its loftier extremity the appearance of an island. Over this gap, quiveringly outlined against the sky, stood up the tremendous pyramid of Athos, symmetrical and solemn. As we steamed further out to sea, the true relative proportions of the mountain trinity that we had left behind became revealed. Far away to the south the white spire of Mount Delph in Eubœa glimmered like a shrouded ghost against the horizon. Passing the wooded but uninteresting hills of southernmost Pallene, we put into the tiny harbour of Koupho, snugly concealed in the coast-line of the second prong, Sithonio, and early the next morning cast anchor in the little roadstead of Daphne, on the western side of Athos, whose great peak, craggy and twin-pointed, like the teeth of a saw, soared into the sky, while all its lower quarters, from the shoulders downwards, were wrapped in a mantle of the most sumptuous green.

"Though I had both read and knew something of Mount Athos, I yet never recollect a case in which I have found the discrepancy between imagination and reality more startling. I had pictured to myself a lofty and more or less precipitous cone, rising in abrupt isolation from the sea, with the monastic retreats perched like wild birds' nests here and there upon its flanks, but all clustered within the circumference of the single peak. Instead, I found a long and narrow and hilly promontory, projecting for forty miles into the sea, covered with the most exquisite sylvan verdure from end to end and interspersed throughout this distance and on both faces with lovely valleys and enchanting glens, where, at points of vantage, on rocks or on the sea shore, had been planted the monastic buildings. These, moreover, so far from presenting an appearance of ascetic humility, or remoteness, or straitened circumstance, resembled rather great baronial castles with battlemented walls and towers, covering wide spaces of ground, and suggesting less the peaceful though sterile routine of conventual existence than the armed splendour of feudal chivalry. The smaller of these monasteries, crowning the summits of wave-washed crags, would recall the fortress of some turbulent baron of the Middle Ages, successfully defying the power of Emperor or of Pope. The larger resembled walled towns, or the fortified palace of some great prince, whose hundreds of retainers might be quartered in the courts and quadrangles below the royal keep. At the seaward extremity of the long and lovely ridge thus beautified by nature and adorned by man rises, to more than three times its height, viz., to 6,350ft., the peak of Athos proper, so familiar an object from pictures, so dread a scare to the ancient mariner, who scented peril and death in its cruel crags and stormy gales. Not more than four or five of the monasteries are built upon the peak of Athos, and these in situations near to the sea, the remainder of the total of twenty being scattered over fifty miles of coast line on either side of the long promontory. Such, roughly speaking, is the panoramic aspect of Mount Athos."

Amongst other monasteries that Mr. Curzon visited was the great Russian monastery. He remarks:—"I was extremely anxious to see the Russian monastery, having heard much of its strangely unmonastic character, and of the political designs which it was supposed both to exemplify and perhaps in the future more directly to promote. From a distance at sea we had observed its vast and pretentious buildings, the green cupolas and glittering balls and crosses of its churches, and the huge, factory-like stone structures with red roofs that line the water's edge. As we drew near the precincts we passed through what was no more nor less than a busy Russian village agog with industry and work. Immense stacks of timber were stored in warehouses, heaps of iron girders and even iron rails littered the ground, several forges were radiating a white heat, and scores of workmen, who looked as little like monks as a private of the Salvation Army looks like a Grenadier, were engaged in manifold forms of toil. There were said already to be in the monastery 800 monks, and 100 probationers, with 300 attendants in addition, making a total of 1,200 men in the establishment—a sufficient contrast to the 130 chronicled by my namesake in 1834. And yet the total has probably by now been greatly increased, if the immense building on the shore, six storeys high, and capable of accommodating several hundred persons, the floors of which were just being put in, was designed for further inmates. In the vaults below the monastery there are reported to be concealed large stores of rifles and ammunition. A great many of the monks whom I saw looked far better suited to shoulder a musket than to wear the cowl; and the entire establishment bore the appearance not of a retreat of pious-minded persons fleeing from the temptations of a wicked world, but of an enterprising colony bent upon aggravating its territories and pro

viding itself with stores, depôts, and all the necessary furniture of temporal aggrandisement. A ship was even being built in the small harbour, where also a steamboat was lying. In the pursuit of these aims the Russian monks have filched a good deal of land from their neighbours, with the result of great discord and even bloodshed. But here, as elsewhere, the Russians appear to conduct matters with an independent hand, and to treat with some indifference the protests or the scruples of their neighbours.

"I do not think that the Russians were well pleased to see an English party, and the Hegoumenos Andreas failed to put in an appearance, being variously reported as engaged in prayer and as indisposed. The monastery contains four churches, of which the principal is a large building in the main court, containing a great deal of gilding and many silver-gilt and jewelled icons, while the newest is constructed in the topmost storey of the principal wing. The refectory is a long room shaped like a Greek capital Gamma, in the upper branch of which is a large blue fresco of Christ walking upon the waves. Rows of tables were laid out for the midday meal, and a man might fare worse than as a disciple of St. Pantaleemon, seeing that to every two monks were apportioned a bowl swimming with a concoction of vinegar, water, onions, cucumber, and lettuce, and a bottle of red wine, as well as plates of prunes, great slices of brown bread, a wooden spoon, and a knife and fork for each, actually rolled up in a napkin. The monks seemed of a much younger and lustier type than those we had seen at the other monasteries. We were shown the library, which was well-equipped and fitted in the most modern style, besides having an excellent catalogue; the visitors' quarters, which were exceptionally extensive and commodious; and the reception room, which was an immense apartment, hung with portraits of the Russian and Greek Royal families, and with the photographs of eminent ecclesiastics, among whom figured the present Archbishop of Canterbury. Not even the dainties, however, with which we were here regaled could blind our eyes as to the character of the whole institution; and in taking leave of it I cannot help wondering how soon the Russicon Monastery will be heard of in the drama of European statecraft."

Mr. Edward Dicey, writing in the *New Review* on "England in Egypt," advocates, as he has always done, the permanent establishment of a British Protectorate over Egypt. The course of events, the logic of facts, are, he says, working on our side. Every month that passes renders our occupation less provisional in character, accelerates the process under which the administration of the country is passing into English hands, and increases the difficulty of our withdrawing our troops. What is even more important is that this "Anglification" of Egypt is not due to any deliberate design on the part of the British authorities, but results from the action of causes which it is beyond their power to control. This being so, all that the partisans of a Protectorate have to do is to let well alone.

Mr. Dicey criticises the assumption made by Frenchmen that France possesses some sort of vested right in Egypt, out of which she has been jockeyed by England. Of this assumption no proof is forthcoming. The sole historic connection between France and Egypt lies in the fact that the First Napoleon invaded the country and occupied Cairo for a brief period; that the French Government, under Louis Philippe, sided with Mahomet Ali in his conflict with the Sultan; that French capitalists and financiers provided Ismail Pasha, at usurious rates, with the funds required to carry out his extravagant personal expenditure, and thereby burdened Egypt with a colossal public debt; and that M. de Lesseps constructed the Suez Canal through Egyptian territory. It is the custom of French publicists to talk of the Suez Canal as if its construction gave France a moral, if not a legal, claim to a sort of political supremacy over Egypt as the reward of the former Power for having opened water communication between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. The magnitude of M. de Lesseps' achievements, and the benefits which it has conferred upon the world at large, are not to be decried. Still, as a matter of fact, if there is one country on the globe that has not benefited by the Suez Canal it is Egypt. The Canal owes its existence to Egyptian compulsory labour and to Egyptian involuntary contributions. The project must have collapsed for want of funds if Said Pasha had not compelled the Fellaheen to do the work of excavation without pay. The mortality and suffering amongst these poor creatures, taken away in thousands from their own homes, forced to labour—in accordance with the immemorial custom of Egypt till the introduction of English rule—under the kurbash, and treated like beasts of burden, created such a scandal that, at the instance of Lord Palmerston, the Canal Company was deprived of the right of insisting on a constant supply of unpaid labour. Thereupon the Company claimed compensation for the loss accruing from their having to pay wages to their own workmen. Napoleon III., to whose arbitration the claim was submitted, decided in favour of the Company, and as a result of this decision Egypt had practically to contribute a large subsidy as indemnity. Yet Egypt, up to the present, receives no share whatever in the profits of the canal. On the contrary, the canal has diverted trom Egypt the trade in passengers and goods which used to pass Alexandria and Suez, to the great pecuniary advantage of its people. The fact that an Egyptian canal, passing through Egyptian territory, constructed to a very large extent by Egyptian labour, and earning an enormous profit, should contribute nothing whatever to the Egyptian revenues is an outrage upon equity, if not upon law. Yet when the present Khedive desired to grant a concession to English capitalists, who would have agreed to construct a second canal at half the cost of the original canal, and to divide the profits equally with the Egyptian Government, Mr. Gladstone's Government, rightly or wrongly, placed a veto on the concession being granted, on the ground that the law officers of the Crown considered the granting of a second concession would be inconsistent with the spirit of the original agreement.

When we are told of French interests in Egypt, we may ask, what are they? With the exception of the Suez Canal, to which I have already alluded, every important enterprise in Egypt—the overland route, the railways, the ports, and such matters, have been carried through by English contractors. The leading business houses in Egypt—till the Greeks, here, as elsewhere in the Levant, drove us practically out of the trade—were English firms. The shops, hotels, and cafés are in the hands of Italians or Greeks. It would be difficult to point to a single French trader of any importance in Egypt, or of any Frenchman who ever made a fortune there by legitimate business; that is, by business which benefits the community at large, as well as the individual speculator. How unreasonable Frenchmen are about the British intervention in Egypt is well illustrated by the following anecdote:—"Some few years ago, M. de Lesseps visited Berlin, and was entertained at breakfast by the then Crown Prince and Princess. The conversation naturally turned on Egypt, and the guest of the day, forgetful of the nationality of his hostess, proceeded, after his wont, to explain how all the English victories in Egypt had been won by money, and how, if it had not been for our wholesale corruption of the Egyptian patriots, our troops would have sustained signal defeat at the hands of Arabi and his followers. When M. de Lesseps was leaving, the Empress Frederick is said to have thanked him for all the information he had given them, which was especially novel and interesting to her as an Englishwoman. In much the same way it is a matter of novelty and interest to learn that when our Government proposed to abolish the Corvé, to reduce the burden of the Egyptian debt by conversion, to render foreign residents in Egypt liable to the same taxes as the natives, to give the police additional authority for maintaining order and decency in the public streets, to extend the jurisdiction of the International tribunals, to facilitate the punishment of crime, and to improve the sanitary conditions of Cairo and Alexandria, they were actuated simply and solely by a Machiavellian desire to injure French interests and to impair French influence.

So far from England being determined to annex Egypt, it would be difficult to find any party—certainly there is no leading statesman—in this country in favour of the annexation of Egypt. It is to be regretted that, time after time during the last ten years, Egypt has been in our hands to take, while time after time we have declined to take it. The cause of our so declining has been chiefly a fear on the part of our leading statesmen, whether Liberal or Conservative, that the annexation of Egypt might lead to foreign complications, and involve an unnecessary extension of our Imperial liabilities. This being so, it is rather too much to be told that the aim and object of all our Egyptian policy has been to covert Egypt into an English possession, or in other words, to do there exactly what France herself has done in Tunis. Yet, as [a matter of fact, we have pursued a policy calculated to defeat the very object we professed to have in view. After Tel el Kebir we might have quitted Egypt without loss if we had consented to give Tewfik a free hand, and allowed him to rule or misrule as he liked, provided always he made no default in the payment of the foreign debt. We felt it inconsistent with our honour and our duty to follow the course in question; but by our action we forfeited the last, if not the sole, chance of putting an end to our military occupation of the country. If a European Power once begins to interfere in the internal administration of an Oriental State, intervention leads inevitably to annexation. As far as immediate results are concerned, our success has been remarkable. Under our control the debt has been reduced; the revenue has been increased; the burden of taxation has been diminished; the condition of the population has been improved; the administration has been rendered efficient and independent; a system of even-handed justice has been established; an army has been formed, which is able and willing to fight; and the old evil system of backsheesh and kurbash has been for the time being consigned to oblivion. But as a means of expediting the withdrawal of our troops, the system referred to has been a signal failure. The whole machinery of Egyptian administration now depends upon the English officials who have been entrusted with the work of re-organisation, and if you remove the basis of the administration, the whole structure falls to pieces.

The plain truth is that Egypt, though more prosperous, better administered, and more civilised than she ever was before, is less able to govern herself by herself than she was before the British troops set foot in the country. We have, by the very nature of our reforms, weakened the authority of the Khedive, curtailed the power of the Pashas, and overthrown the influence of the Sheiks by whom the village communities were kept under a sort of rude control. We have done all this unintentionally; but we have done it none the less; and we find ourselves face to face with the awkward dilemma that on the one hand we are pledged to leave Egypt, and that on the other hand we cannot leave Egypt without undoing all the good work we have done, and without allowing the country to fall back into a condition of disorder which must inevitably necessitate prompt intervention on the part of some other European Power, and probably of France. With or without the assent of others, we have got to remain in Egypt. Our military occupation has taught us that the possession of Egypt involves the command of the Suez Canal. Whether we like it or not, the Suez Canal is our highway to India, and as long as we continue to be masters of India we cannot allow the Suez Canal to pass out of the control now secured to us by the presence of our troops in Egypt.

A powerful article—well worth careful perusal—appears in the *Fortnightly*, from the pen of "Ouida," on "The Blind Guides of Italy." The writer describes the Orti Oricellari at Florence as taking a foremost place amongst the famous gardens of the world, alike for sylvan beauty and for intellectual tradition. They were first amongst the many great and carefully cultured gardens which once adorned Tuscany. Their superb groves and glades had sheltered the most intellectual meetings which Florence has ever seen. In them was the house built for Bernardo Rucellai by Leon Battista Alberti, a treasure-house of art, ancient and contemporary; and learning, literature, and philosophy found their meet home under the ilex and cedar shadows, and in

the fragrant air of the orange and myrtle boughs. High thoughts and scholarly creation were never more fitly housed than here. In the days of the Medici they must then have covered all the space now occupied by the detestable modern streets called Magenta, Solferino, Montebello, Garibaldi, &c., and not so many years ago the orchards appertaining to these gardens existing where there are now the ugly boulevards and the dirt and lumber of the railway and tramway works. In 1527 the populace broke into the gardens, and destroyed the statues, obelisks, and temples which ornamented them, but the woods and orchards they appear to have spared; for some thirty years later, the park seems to have been in its full perfection still. Amidst all changes the beauty of the park has existed much as it was when it was celebrated in Latin and Italian prose and verse, although shorn of its grandeur and invaded on all sides by bricks and mortar. The house has been miserably modernised, and the gardens and glades miserably lopped, yet still there is much left; and many of their historic trees still lift their royal heads. Enough remains to make a green oasis in the desert of modern bricks and stucco; enough remains for the student to realise that he stands beneath boughs of cedar and ilex which once sheltered the terrible and august brows of Leone X. and cast their shade on the gathered associates of that literary society of which no equal has ever since been seen. It seems scarcely credible, yet such is the fact, that these treasures of natural beauty and storehouses of historical association, should have already once been invaded to build an ordinary modern house, and that now the municipality is about to purchase half of them—for what purpose?—*to cut the trees down and cover the ground with houses for the use of its own office-holders*, those multitudinous and pestilent *impiegati* who are the curse of the public all over Italy, and feed on it like leeches upon flesh. The destruction of such gardens as these for such a purpose can only be equalled by the destruction of the Farnesina and Ludovisi gardens, and the desecration of the Villa d'Este in and near Rome. Few places on earth have such intellectual memories as the Oricellari gardens; yet the cedars and elms which shaded the steps of philosophers and poets and scholarly princes and mighty Popes are to be felled, as though they were of no more value than worm-eaten mill-posts. There are waste grounds (grounds already deliberately laid waste) yawning by scores already in the town and around it, on which any new buildings which may be deemed necessary might be raised. There is not one thread or shadow of excuse for the abominable action now contemplated by the Florence Municipality. When towns are desperately pinched for space, there may be some kind of excuse for the always mistaken destruction of gardens, trees, and groves. But in the cities of Italy there are vast unoccupied lands all around them; and in their midst many more houses than are occupied. In Rome and Florence the latter may be counted by many thousands. There is not the flimsiest pretext for such execrable destruction as has already overtaken so many noble gardens in the former city, and now menaces the Orti Oricellari in the latter.

Nor is this the only famous garden which is being destroyed in Florence. Many beautiful glades and lawns have been, in the last ten years, ruthlessly effaced that the trumpery structures of jerry-builders may arise in their stead. Talleyrand once said that no one who had not lived before the great revolution could ever know how perfect life could be. "Ouida" would say that none can know how perfect it can be who did not live in the Italy of the Renaissance. The Riccardi garden was a marvel of loveliness, surrounding which was a temple of art. Of this delicious retreat a few trees alone remain now; a few trees, whic raise their sorrowful heads amongst the bricks and mortar, the theatres, and photographic studios, around them, are all that are left of the once beautiful and poetic retreat of the scholars and courtiers, the ambassadors and *illuminati*, of the family of the Riccardi. The gardens of the Gaddi were equally, and still earlier, renowned, and in them the descendants of Taddeo Gaddi had a pleasure-house lovely to behold, with a rich gallery of pictures annexed to it. These descendants had become great people and eminent in the Church, and also celebrated *letterati*. So fragrant and so fair were these grounds, that the populace always called them, and the vicinity perfumed by them, Il Paradiso dei Gaddi. This beautiful retreat has for centuries been entirely destroyed and forgotten; and all which is left of the rich collections of the Gaddi are those thousand manuscript folios, which Francis I. of Austria purchased, and gave to the libraries of Florence, where to this day they remain and can be read. In the fifteenth century Benedetto Varchi himself saw no less than 130 of these magnificent demesnes in the city. The Latins were at all times celebrated for their beautiful gardens. The Romans and the Tuscans, the Venetians and the Lombards, in later mediæval times, inherited this elegant taste; but in our immediate epoch it has vanished; the glorious legacies of it are supported with indifference or done away with without regret. There has come from without a contagion of vulgarity, avarice, and bad taste which the Italian temperament has been two weak to resist, and with which it has become saturated and debased. Almost all these noble gardens enumerated by Varchi still existed in Florence before 1859. Now but few remain. Even the Torrigianni gardens have been almost entirely destroyed within the last year, and the site of them is being rapidly covered with mean and ugly habitations. The magnificent Capponi garden has been more than half broken up. The renowned Serristorri garden has been cut in two and shorn of half its beauty. The Guadagni garden is advertised as building ground. The Guicciardini gardens are still standing, but as they and their palace have been given over to amalgamated railway companies, the respite accorded to them will probably be of brief duration. Before 1859 the whole of the ground from the Carraia Bridge westward was pasture and garden, and avenue, where now there are only bricks and mortar and a network of ugly streets.

With scrambling haste the historic centre of Florence is being torn down in order that glass galleries, brummagem shops, miserable statues, and a general reign of stucco and shoddy, may, as far as in them lies, bring the Athens of Italy to a level with some third-rate American township. Italians are unable to comprehend the indignation with which their callousness fills the cultured observer of every other nationality. Anxiety to get ready money, an ignorance of their true interests, and a babyish love of new things, however vulgar or barbarous, have completely extinguished, in the aristocracy and bureaucracy and *bourgeoisie*, all sentiment for the arts and all reverence for their inheritance and for the beauty of nature. To make a paved street in Venice, unneeded, incongruous, vulgar, abhorrent to every educated eye and mind, Byzantine windows, Renaissance doorways, exquisite *loggette*, admirable scrollworks, enchanting façades, stones, and marbles, and mosaics, of hues like the sea-shell and the sea-mouse, are ruthlessly torn down and pushed out of sight for ever. Ruskin in vain protests, his tears scorched up by his rage, and both alike powerless. Gregorovius dies the other day, his last years embittered and tortured by the daily destruction of the Rome so sublime and sacred to him. When the axe had been laid to the immemorial graves of the Farnesina—a barbarous, infamous, inexcusable act, done to gratify private spleen and greed, leaving a mere mass of mud and dirt where so late had been the gracious gardens which had seen Raffaelle and Petrarca pace beneath their shade—the Duke di Ripalda, whose passionate love for his Farnesina was known to all Rome, died of the sorrow and fever brought on by seeing its desecration, died actually of a broken heart. To the student, the artist, the archæologist, to live in Rome now is to suffer inexpressibly, every hour, in mind and heart. The piazza of San Giovanni Laterano used to present the most exquisite scene of earth stretched around the most beautiful basilica of the world! Now the horizon is closed and the landscape effaced; vile modern erections, crowded, paltry, monstrous in their impudence and in their degradation, shut out the green plains, the azure hills, the divine ethereal distance, and close around the spiritual beauty of the great church. The intolerable outrage of it, the inconceivable shame of it, the crass, senseless, piggish obstinacy and stupidity which make such havoc possible, would fill the dullest soul with indignation, had it but the faintest spark of poetic fire in it. Yet such things are being done yearly, daily, hourly, ceaselessly, and with impunity all over Italy, and no voice is raised in protest. Whenever any such voice is raised, it is never that of an Italian.

Above Careggi, there was, until a few months ago, a line of colossal cypresses which had been planted there by the hand of the Pater Patriæ, Cosimo de'Medici himself. These grand and noble trees were lately sold, with the ground on which they stood, to a native doctor of Florence, who *immediately felled them*. Within one mile of each other there are, near Florence, a green knoll, crowned with an ancient church, and a green little river, shaded by poplar trees; the beauty of the little hill was an historic tower, dating from the year 1000, massive, mighty, very strong, having withstood the wars of eight centuries, at its foot was a stately and aged stone pine; the beauty of the river was a wide bend, where the trees and the hills opened out from the water, and a graceful wooden bridge spanned it, chiefly used by the millers' carts and the peasants' mules. In the gracious spring-time of last year the old tower was pulled down to be used for building materials, for which it was found that it could not be used, and the stone pine has been felled, because its shade prevented a few beans to the value of, perhaps, 2f., growing beneath it; on the river the white wooden bridge has been pulled down, and a huge red brick structure, like a ponderous railway bridge, hideous, grotesque, and shutting out all the sylvan view up stream, has been erected in its stead, altogether unfitted for the slender rural traffic which alone passes there, and costing a heavy price, levied by taxation from a rural, and far from rich, community.

There is an old castellated villa with two mighty towers, one at either end, and within it chambers, panelled with oak carvings of the Quattro Cento, of great delicacy and vigour of execution; it stands amidst a rich champagne country, abounding in vine and grain and fruits, and bears one of the greatest names of history. *It is now about to be turned into a candle manufactory!* In vain do the agriculturalists around protest that the filthy stench of the offal which will be brought there, and the noxious fumes of the smoke, which will pour from the furnace chimney about to be erected amongst its fir-trees, will do infinite harm to the vineyards and orchards around. No one gives ear to their lament. Private cupidity and communal greed run hand in hand; and the noble building is doomed beyond hope. Instead of the fine old hospital of Santa Lucia there are erected some houses on the model of London houses of thirty years ago, with narrow ignoble windows and façades of the genuine Bayswater and Westbourne-grove type. There has not been one opposing voice to their erection, and any censure of them is immediately answered by a reference to the brand new dollars of their builder. In the suburbs it is the hideous cottage which, having disgraced the environs of London and Paris, is now rapturously set up in the neighbourhood of Italian towns. Both these types are as degraded as they can possibly be. These dreadful modern constructions, with flimsy walls, slate roof, pinched doorway, mean windows, commonness, cheapness, and meanness, staring from every brick in their body, are disgracing the approach of every Italian city. It is impossible to enter into the minds of men who actually consider it a finer thing, a prouder thing to be a third-rate mediocre commercial city than to be the first artistic or the noblest historic city of the world. Yet this is what the modern Italian, the Italian who governs in ministry, bureaucracy, municipality, and press, deliberately does prefer. He thinks it more glorious and worthier to be a feeble imitation of a shoddy American city than to be supreme in historic, artistic, and natural beauty. He will sell his Tiziano, his Donatello, his Greek and Roman marbles, and his Renaissance tapestries, without shame, and he will pant and puff with pride because he has secured a dirty tramway coaling-yard, and has befouled his atmosphere with mephitic vapours and coal-tar gas, and has reduced his lovely *verzaja*, so late green with glancing foliage and fresh with rippling water, into a howling desert of iron rails, shot rubbish, bricks and mortar, unsightly sheds, and smoke-belching chimneys. The Italian people, as distinguished from the Italian bureaucracy

and *bourgeoisie*, which are both of a crass and hopeless philistinism, would have been easily led into a higher and wiser form of life. The country people especially have an artistic sense still latent in them, and they remain often artistic in their attire, despite the debasing temptations of cheap and vulgar modern clothing. Their ear for music is generally perfect. Their national songs, serenades, and poems are admirable in purity and grace. Unfortunately this part of the nation is absolutely unrepresented. The noisy agitator, the greedy office-seeker, the unscrupulous politician, the pert, unhealthy lawyer crowd to the front; whilst their influence, by intrigue and bustle, most unhappily predominates in all spheres municipal and political; and the entire press, subsidised by them, justifies them in all they do, and pushes their selfish and soulless speculations down the throat of unwilling and helpless men. It is a world-wide loss that modern Italy has entirely missed and misconceived the way to true greatness and to true prosperity. In other centuries she was the light of the world. Had there been men capable of comprehending her true way to a new life, and capable of leading her varied populations in that way, she might in this century have seen a true and a second Renaissance. But her chiefs have all been men who, on the contrary, knew nothing of art and cared nothing for nature: a statesman like Cavour, a conspirator like Mazzini, a free-lance like Garibaldi, a soldier like Victor Emmanuel were none of them men to understand, much less to recreate, the true genius of the nation. Italy might be now, as she was in the past, the Muse, the Grace, the Artemis, and the Athene of the world; she thinks it a more glorious thing to be only one amongst a sweating mob of mill-hands.

A series of papers, entitled "Afloat on the Nile," by E. H. and E. W. Blashfield, has been appearing in *Scribner's Magazine*, which give a very picturesque description of Nile life. We are told:—"Whenever we tied up in the mountains for an hour or so, either that an adverse wind might drop, or that the cook might visit some neighbouring village for provisions, it was always a pleasure to climb the cliffs to some rock-cut opening, for there was generally one at least in sight. Sometimes it was a fine tomb, sometimes only a cave with a few Greek inscriptions scratched about its mouth; sometimes from the gloom dark faces looked out from where, carved in high relief, their backs against the rock, the Egyptian husband still extended an arm about the shoulders of the wife who had been young 3,000 years ago. These statues, with their black manes of hair, their broad collars and their dim-painted costumes, their fixed eyes and rigid limbs, were always impressive: but little imagination was needed to make one look with awe upon these contemporaries of Rameses and of Moses, and the flesh crept at the thought of the misery and desolation they had outlived with the same set smile, the same imperishable indifference. Often the tomb was nearly choked with sand, and an entrance was made feet foremost; or perhaps an Arab went in first, bringing back a mummied head that had laughed and talked in ancient Egypt. Sometimes, when the mind was filled with the Thothmes and Amenophises, the figures of ram-headed and ape-faced deities, all at once upon the wall a half-effaced, nimbussed saint looked dimly out, evoking a whole new world of ideas—of a Christian church, of a population of anchorites, of the Jeromes and Anthonys and Cyrils, who left their hand writiug on the battered faces of Osiris and Ammon, and in the countless square beam-holes pierced in the rock-tombs for the dwellings of the hermits. The heat, the glare, the broken pottery, the bones and shreds of mummy wrappings lying about; the sense that one was treading upon the wonderful, and that history might at any moment lift up a monitor to the sight, made an impression that time cannot weaken. A climb to these tombs when the dreaded khamseen is blowing, is an interesting experience which does much to explain certain phenomena in the lives of the anchorites. The strong hot wind burns the skin like the breath of a furnace, parches throat and lips, and produces a strange nervous exaltation. The heat presses on brow and breast like a tangible weight, the breath comes in short hoarse gasps, and the pulses hammer the temples. The light, struggling through thick clouds, is wan and livid; the sand circles and eddies in weird whirlpools; the carven figures in the dusky recesses, the pictured rock-walls seem to start and quiver in the burning wind, and the awful loneliness of the desert is upon the place; for the green Nile valley below, with its thrifty fields and villages and water-wheels, all its signs of human labour and human companionship, is blotted out by the dust storm. It was perhaps under these strange atmospheric conditions that the starving, self-tortured anchorite saw those grotesque or alluring visions with which the life of the desert saint was filled; from the dim corners of the cave came the glow of dark eyes, the warmth of curved lips; voices sweet or terrible whispered and hissed in his ear; the ghosts of past pleasures returned to haunt his solitude. In the murky sunset clouds he saw the ruddy furrows of the blood-stained arena, the dancing girl's tawny limbs whirled by him in the swirl of the tossing sand, and in the howl of the wind circling about the desolate crags he heard once more the savage roar of the amphitheatre.

These were the frequent experiences of accidental exploration, not the following of guide-book directions. One simply stepped ashore and climbed a ledge of rock, and behold! one had visited some man whose name and titles where still upon his house-door, but the trinkets upon whose costume, the character of whose writing, were as ancient in the days of Peter, of Paul, and of John, as are the coins of Herod Agrippa to our nineteenth century. But below us the mallet was heard knocking out the stake: 'Howaga neaafur' (We are going to start), was shouted up the rocks, so that we hurried down to Mahaeel ironing on the foredeck, to Ali bringing in the soup, and to books and American letters and New York papers. One great advantage of dahabeeyeh travel is that in visits to smaller towns a wider range of antiquities may be seen. Hours may be passed in the shop, or storehouse rather, of some out-of-the-way village, where the tourist steamers do not stop, and where the Arabs gather together their antiquities to take them to Luxor, the metropolis of curiosity-venders. When the shutters are opened and the sunlight pours in upon the dusty darkness, it is like a fantastical dream; there are no rows of rubbed and brightened anteekas set on little pedestals to catch the eye, as at Luxor or Cairo; here dead Cæsar turned to clay stops a hole, the mummy-case is a shelf for dishes, the Roman lamp still hold a light, dourrah is pounded in the heiroglyphed jar, kohl fills the antique alabastron, and walls and floor are covered with the shreds and tatters of departed civilizations—toilet utensils and children's toys, sandals, and staves, glass, alabaster, and marble telling of marriage and burial, of battle and of prayer. In such an out-of-the-way corner the Howaga Kebeer found the torso of a daughter of the Heretic King, her name and titles carved upon her back, a fragment so admirable in its simplicity and purity of lines that an envoy from the Louvre, purchasing for that famous collection, pronounced it Greek but for the hieroglyphics, and expressed his keen regret more than once that an American should have carried off the princess.

Once, while passing through a mud village in the hot Egyptian noonday, a Fellaha woman staggered out from her hut, carrying a huge jar which looked much like the modern filters, but which showed, when the dust had been carefully wiped away, red and blue lotuses and palm branches of the time of Ku-en-Aten; two of these journeyed with the Hathors, and on another day came a female head of rough but good Greek workmanship, with inlaid eyes and a *coiffure* so like that on the coins of Cleopatra I., that it was dated and catalogued at once as being at least a contemporary of that turbulent lady. The amateur purchaser in Egypt has one drop of bitterness in his cup, the fear of buying counterfeit antiquities, and there are many; but they are principally confined to scarabs and objects in wood. The Luxor men show you whole handfuls of bran-new scarabs, and sell stone paper-weights for a shilling which are worth the money. The death of old Gamoory, at Koorneh, closed a long line of wooden men and women, the offspring of this Theban Prometheus; and quite lately a gentlemen in Akhmeem, who continues the succession, showed us a rough-hewn Rameses II., smilingly admitting that a month's labour would finish the conqueror; for if the counterfeit is detected, the forger, with immediate and cheerful acquiescence, invites you to praise his skill. But the foreigner is credulously incredulous; it is probable that the genuine objects mistaken for imitations would alone outnumber the real forgeries, for the soil of Egypt is a vast repository, annually turned and sifted with enormous labour by thousands of Arabs, and the proof of its fecundity in antiquities is that each year's market is nearly exhausted by the tourists who pour up the Nile in Mr. Cook's fine steamers.

"The sailors of the Hathors looked askance when granite heads or torsos came on board, with a realising sense that each meant so much more weight to be lifted from the sand-bank, that scylla of the Nile traveller, and which especially besets his passage down the river, when the receding water daily brings new obstacles to light. This downward trip is usually shorter than the up-going journey, and there are many who ask if monotony and dulness are not the accompaniments of life upon a boat which is at the mercy of the wind, and may remain stationary, or nearly so, for days? Not to those who are alive to the charm of a wonderful country, for one may at any moment go ashore and read the Bible, the Koran, and the hieroglyphs, too, in the houses and the habits of the people whose villages line the river bank, and who cherish their father's example; for Joseph's brethren plough to-day with a sharpened stick; the women of the plain of Abydos sit upon an Isis-throne of mud, as they watch the fields and whirl the sling at marauding birds; and the Arabs sleep on the deck or the bank, swaddled and muffled from face to feet, like the camel-driver of Mecca to whom Gabriel cried, 'Rise, thou enwrapped one!'

"The very doubtfulness of progress and the chances of the wind are subjects of continual interest. Will the dahabeeyeh make this or that difficult passage, or will she stick fast on a sand-bank? Can she, by tacking, reach a bend in the river where a favourable wind will bring her travellers within reach of some wished-for temple, or to some point where a steamer with friends on board will tie up for the night? When the wind is adverse short trips inland can be made, to which the sense of exploration adds a keen interest. At Assuan, in 1890, while waiting for the north wind to subside, excursion after excursion was made. There were two Egyptologists with the party, one on either of the dahabeeyehs which were anchored side by side, and a third traveller, who supplemented his interest in the country by the eyes of a lynx, and legs which, trained on the Scotch mountains, carried him miles over rocks and sand to bring back news of cartouches and inscriptions. Among the crags of Seheyl, where the giant boulders are flung broadside on a hundred hills, as if Zeus and the Titans had battled there, or a Babel had been overthrown, with a shining silver dragon to watch it, lying in many twisted coils between the palm-fringed banks of the Cataract, the inscriptions covered every available rock. It must have been a very holy place, and, the inmates of the Crocodile and the Hathors, climbing and wondering at the ever-changing, ever-glorious prospect, found the limbs of statues, a half-buried naos, diorite, alabaster, and yellow marble, and located the sanctuary of the vanished temple. One day, in the mountains back of Assuan, one of the ladies, thrusting her arm deep into the cool, orange-coloured sand, just as one might play and dabble in water, touched the top of a stela, which, when cleared, showed inscriptions and reliefs; while the Professor discovered a shrine s rawled thickly with graffite, and many terra-cotta sarcophagi, and the party carried back in triumph to the boat, on Mahomed's broad shoulders, the fragment of a seated statue bearing hieroglyphs in an, as yet, unknown language. These vestiges of the Pharaohs, some of them thousands of years apart as to time, made the Ptolemies seem very near, the Romans within hand-shaking distance; and one could almost see the crested Macedonian helmets winding among the rocks, the glitter of the brass on the legionaries, the wolf or eagle standard of cohort and maniple dancing behind the boulders; while the rattle of Dessix's musketry still echoed there, for the year 1800 seemed only yesterday.

"Assuan was the southern termination of the Hathors' voyage, and oh, the vicissitudes in the life

of a dahabeeyeh! When preparing for the return voyage her long yard is lowered and slung above the deck; she has laid down her arms to the north wind, who has helped her thus far to her goal, and has now become her worst enemy; she cannot struggle against him with that huge piece of timber at her mast-head; a small yard takes its place, and if a fresh wind blow from the north, the once stately boat goes floundering down upon her progress with the current, now broadside to, now stern foremost; the swan has become a crab to travel sideways, and a weather-cock to turn around and around. If there is strong adverse wind she cannot move at all, and must tie up to the bank; but with a very light breeze against her, the dahabeeyeh, shorn of most of her beauty, retains her dignity and becomes a veritable galley as the twelve great oars, each one 25ft. long and weighing 50lb., beat the water with slow strokes; while with each stroke comes the long, tuneful cry, the real galley song, an Arab heritage from the Greeks of Alexandria. At first this music of the boatmen is a shock to Occidental ears, its sharply subtle division of notes, its slurs, and quavers, and high falsetto are a surprise, but one soon learns to love its melancholy monotony. Sometimes it is a sort of wild and mournful melopœia, sometimes a deep-toned chorus filled with rich chords like an old mass; again an oar-song with strophe and antistrophe, or a litany to the Mahomedan saints. The sailors were a superb sight from the upper deck, as, stimulated by spectators, they bent to their work with a will; the muscles on their bronzed limbs swelled and strained, their blue draperies fluttered in the wind, the red blades of the oars flashed and sprung, 'churning the black water white,' and the boat quivered responsively at every stroke, while the deep-mouthed galley song rose from twelve strong throats.

"Meanwhile, as the dahabeeyeh goes northward the air grows softer and balmier—the Egyptian summer is at hand; temples and towns seem on the upward journey reappear, favourite sites are revisited, as we glide over the magic mirror of the Nile. Then there are golden days of delicious idleness, when mere respiration is a delight, and the simple consciousness of existence an abiding pleasure—days filled with an indescribable charm that is most potent in this land of wonders. For Egypt is full of glamour; the Nile water is Nepenthe, and the desert air a philter; care floats away in the softly flowing current of the river; the little *bourgeois* frets and worries vanish, and a genial optimism takes their place. As we sip the enchanted potion day by day, something of the old Greek joy in existence, and deep, though unconscious, sympathy with nature returns; the Oriental's delight in green fields and rustling branches and the murmur of running water is insensibly acquired. Life ceases to be dramatic, and becomes contemplative; many mysteries are made clear, and we feel the strange charm that drew the cenobites to these glowing solitudes. New sensibilities awake, the perceptions are quickened and refined, the eye, resting day after day on the same objects, becomes susceptible to the slightest gradations of tint, the subtlest effects of light, or diversities of line. The elements of the landscape are always the same, just as are the bits of glass in the kaleidoscope, but how infinitely varied are the compositions they form. There are golden stretches of wheat, or velvet fields of clover; the river, now lying in lake-like pools, or running swift and brown under high banks, washing the feet of the limestone cliffs, or skirting a reach of burning sand, bubbling in shallows or foaming in the Cataract; the mountains, ever present, now close at hand, now rising in the distance; here white as though the snow had fallen on their summits, there red as though they flushed under the fires of sunset, towering in buttresses, and wave-worn peaks and pinnacles, or lying in long, flap-topped, terraced walls; the palms, fitting attribute of this martyred land, their rough-scaled trunks gold in the sun, bronze in the shade, their greyish-green leaves delicately powdered with dust; the river-towns high on the banks, their battlemented and crenellated towers enveloped in a whirling, circling cloud of white pigeons, or lying flat on the plain like an army with spears, the lance-like minarets quivering in the hot air—all these things lide by, familiar, yet ever new and ever beautiful."

The Rev. H. Brooks Egan gives, in the *Newbery House Magazine*, some appreciations on the present position of China. He says:—"The Manchoos are usurpers of barely two hundred years' standing, and have done nothing to efface the memory of their conquering origin. Corrupt and cruel in their administration and aliens on the soil, their destiny has been to show the people what evils may arise when a nation refuses to vindicate its right of self-government, and to help forward the political salvation of China, by divorcing the national sentiment from that primitive patriarchal *régime* to which it has so long been wedded.

"Graver and graver reports from the far East reach us by every mail, and those who know China best are most apprehensive. An eminent missionary about to resume work after a well-earned holiday writes that, 'from all he has heard, the country is as much agitated as it was when, thirty-five years ago on his first going out, he plunged into the vortex of the T'aip'ing rebellion.' The outbreak against foreigners, which naturally claims our chief attention in the present crisis, may be regarded either as a side wave of discontent directed against men who are obnoxious to the jealous Chinese, and who are, for the time being, defenceless, or what is much more probable, when we take into account the ominous activity of the secret societies, it is a mask intended to conceal a more serious enterprise. And this leads us again to the Hung League, a society which seems destined to influence in no small degree the future of the Middle Kingdom. Until quite recently the existence of this vast, organised, secret conspiracy was unknown, except to those who had lived in the far East, and even by them its importance was not properly understood. Originally non-political, its romantic accessories, the bridge of steel, the system of signs, the incantations, the weird, and even horrible initiatory rites, remind us of Fremasonry, while its thirty-six rules, to which no one can assign a date, prove that at one time its constitution was that of a friendly society. The present Manchoo rulers began to reign in 1644, and from that date the Hung League or Triad Society became seriously political, until at the present time it is the one standing menace to the security of the Tsing dynasty.

"Veiled in impenetrable obscurity, the Hung League has gradually extended into every part of Middle and Southern China, where the Manchoo power has always been cordially detested. Every effort has been used to suppress it, but it was not possible that what the English and Dutch and Spaniards had failed to do within the narrow limits of their colonies, could be done by the mardarins, in the vast and crowded cities of China, and the League is more powerful to-day than it has ever been. There is a popular belief in China that two hundred years represent the natural life of a dynasty, and if this be true, the Tsing dynasty has reached the term of its existence. A tradition of this kind, as Professor Douglas remarks, is apt to bring about its own fulfilment, but everything, in this case, will depend on the resources of the Government. These have, latterly, been considerably improved, thanks to the untiring energy of that astute but unscrupulous statesman, Li Hung Chang. A few years ago each viceroyalty maintained its own army, now both army and navy are imperialised. They have been drilled, too, into a semblance of European discipline, and altogether present a more creditable appearance than the ragged military rabble with which the elder generation of Anglo-Chinese were familiar. But if personal experience of the conduct of these 'improved' forces in action is any guide, the so-called European discipline is of a very superficial character. A more miserable fiasco could not well be conceived than the encounter which took place between a portion of their new fleet and some French war vessels on the Min river in 1885. Some small checks, it is true, were given once or twice during that war to French success on land by the Black Flag army, but the French Government never treated the Tonquin affair seriously. A colonel of engineers from Saigon once told me that in every action in which he had taken part, the French soldiers were outnumbered by twenty to one. But the Black Flags, he said, were mere *canaille*. Taking all things into account, however, the reigning dynasty would probably be pronounced in a stronger position, and better able to maintain the integrity of the empire, than it was previous to the T'aip'ing religion, were it not for one ominous fact, namely, that in a civil war the loyalty of the purely Chinese part of the army could not be trusted. Upon the Manchoos alone the safety of the Empire must depend, and the Manchoos are not only few in number, but their old warlike spirit has almost died away.

"Sooner or later, the Tsing dynasty will be engaged in a life-and-death struggle for existence. Race hatred will, in all probability, sweep it from the face of the earth, but, if it continue to live, Western influence will insure that it must be under changed conditions. The present system of administration is, in any case, doomed. So much, without presumption, we may venture to say. The great question for ourselves is the effect which a revolutionary change is likely to exert on the commercial and missionary relations we have established in China. And, in connection with this question, we must remember that it is the *literati*, or governing classes, who have always been the most ardent of foreigner haters. They dread foreign influence, and let no opportunity slip of prejudicing the minds of their countrymen, by lying reports and false interpretations of missionary motives. When left to themselves, the Chinese are not bigoted; they have that large and careless tolerance which springs from indifference. But our missionaries are the vanguard of Western influence, and upon them, therefore, falls the brunt of the present storm, which has really been raised by the long and pertinacious misrepresentations of the *literati*. As for our merchants, they are less dangerous, and more necessary from the essentially materialistic mandarin point of view. They are also better protected, and do not wander so far a-field. But the missionary, in touch with the inner life and thoughts of the people is a dangerous element, the Mandarins think, in society, and they strain every nerve to diminish his influence and stultify his position in the eyes of the people. So far as we can see no great extension of missionary or commercial enterprise can be looked for under the present *régime*."

SOCIETY.

A marriage has been arranged, and will take place after Easter, between Mr. C. R. Fryer, of the Suffolk Regiment, son of the late Mr. F. D. Fryer, of Moulton Paddocks, Suffolk, and Margaret Fanny, third daughter of the Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor.

Also between Mr. H. R. Odo Cross, Grenadier Guards, second son of Dr. Robert Cross, of 19 Berkeley-square, and Miss Florence Temple Griswold, second daughter of Mr. John N. A. Griswold, of Fifth-avenue, New York, and Newport, Rhode Island, America.

Also between M. le Baron Despine, of St. Innocent, Aix-les-Bains, and Miss Anne Somers Cocks, youngest daughter of the Hon. John Somers Cocks.

Also between Mr. Edward Dennison Hargreaves, only son of the late John Dennison Hargreaves, of Auchnasgiach, Ardrishaig, N.B., and Miss Evelyn Cecilia Braddyll, daughter of the late Mr. Edward Sotheron Richmond Gale Braddyll, of Scarisbrick House, Southport.

Also between the Hon. Herbert Lawrence, youngest son of the late Lord Lawrence, and the Hon. Isabel Mills, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Hillingdon.

The marriage arranged between Mr. M. Charles Maunsell, Royal Horse Artillery, and Miss de Pentheny O'Kelly will take place at St. Francis' Church, South Ascot, on the 26th inst.

The marriage arranged between Mr. Graham Lionel John Wilson and Miss Frances Mary Garfit is fixed to take place at St. Nicholas' Church, Skirbeck, Lincolnshire, on February 9, at one o'clock.

The marriage arranged between the Rev. Edgar Van der Noot, rector of Barley, and Constance, daughter of Sir Algernon and Lady West, will take place in the first week in February.

The marriage of the Count de Torre Diaz with the Hon. Bertha Clifford will take place on February 4, at Ugbrooke Park, the seat of Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, brother of the bride.

The marriage of Lord Alington with Miss Leigh will take place early in February.

At St. Stephen's, Bareilly, on November 24, the marriage was celebrated, by the Rev. H. Coleridge Spring, M.A., of Captain Mervyn de Montmorency (1st Hampshire Regiment), only surviving son of Mr. H. M. de Montmorency, J.P., and grandson of the late Mr. R. H. T. Pratt de Montmorency, J.P., of Castle Morres, co. Kilkenny, to Edith, only surviving child of Mr. J. R. Marshall, J.P., D.L., for the county of Lancaster.

The marriage of Captain John Spencer Ewart, 79th Cameron Highlanders, eldest son of General Sir John Ewart, K.C.B., colonel of the 92nd Gordon Highlanders, with Frances, youngest daughter of Major and Mrs. Platt, of Dunallan, Bridge of Allan, N.B., was solemnised on Saturday week, in St. John's Church, Paddington. Lieutenant Walter Ewart, 79th Cameron Highlanders, brother of the bridegroom, acted as best man, and the bride was attended by her cousin. The bride was married in a travelling dress of pale fawn-coloured cloth, with silk sash of the same colour, vest of white silk embroidered in gold, and golden beaver trimmings; her hat being of dark brown straw, with velvet crown, and ornamented with beaver and ostrich feathers; she wore a diamond star, the gift of the bridegroom, and carried a large shower bouquet of bridal flowers. The bride's cousin was in grey figured cloth, with hat to match. Owing to the bride's family being in mourning, only the nearest relatives of the bride and bridegroom were present, proceeding after the ceremony to 49, Cambridge-street, where a small reception was held. Captain and Mrs. J. Spencer Ewart subsequently left for Edinburgh. The bridegroom's brother officers presented him with a magnificent silver bowl.

The marriage of Mr. Edward Gorndle Howorth only son of the late Mr. Edward Howorth, of Farington Lodge, near Preston, Lancashire, with Florence Lilian, eldest daughter of Mr. Charles Cutler, of Hollydale, Aspley Guise, Bedfordshire, was solemnised in the parish church of Aspley Guise on Tuesday week. The officiating clergy were the Rev. Joseph Cutler, vicar of Dounholme, Richmond, Yorks, uncle of the bride, and the Rev. J. C. Maltby, vicar of Aspley Guise. The bride, who was led to the altar by her father, wore a dress of rich white corded silk, trimmed with white silk guipure lace, orange blossoms, and ostrich feather trimmings; her veil being of embroidered white silk tulle. Her jewels included three diamond stars in her hair and a diamond pendant. There were four bridesmaids, two being dressed in pale blue and two in pale yellow silk, trimmed with white lace and ribbons. The bridegroom presented them with diamond bracelets and bouquets. The wedding reception was held in the schoolroom at Aspley Guise, and in the course of the afternoon the newly-wedded pair left *en route* for the Riviera. The bride went away in a scarlet dress, trimmed with jet and black feather bordering, wore a hat to match, and sealskin jacket.

The marriage of Mr. Ronald Montagu Burrows, B.A., of Christ Church, Oxford, Assistant Professor of Greek, youngest son of the Rev. L. F. Burrows, formerly Master of Rugby, with Una Geraldine, daughter of the Rev. C. J. Ridgeway, vicar of Christ Church, Lancaster-gate, took place in Christ Church on Tuesday week. The Bishop of Wakefield officiated, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Ridgeway, of St. Peter's, Cranley-gardens, and the Rev. L. F. Burrows, of Godalming, Surrey. The bride, who was given away by her father, was dressed in ivory-white satin, prettily trimmed with chiffon, pearl embroidery, and orange blossom; she wore a tulle veil, and her only ornaments were a gold bangle and a brooch, gifts of the bridegroom. Her bouquet was composed of white lilac and orange blossom. The eight bridesmaids in attendance were attired in dresses of white Bengaline with crossed red velvet ribbons, and white hats trimmed with feathers and holly. Their gold and pearl initial brooches, and bouquets of white hyacinths and holly, were the gifts of the bridegroom. After the ceremony the bridal party re-assembled at the residence of the bride's parents in Porchester-terrace, Hyde-park; and on leaving for the honeymoon the bride wore a blue cloth travelling-costume, with hat to match, and jacket bordered with beaver.

The marriage of Mr. Basil Johnson, third s n of the late Dean of Wells, and Miss Bessie Percival, only daughter of the Rev. J. Percival, present Headmaster of Rugby, was celebrated in Rugby School Chapel on the 29th ult. The Lord Bishop of London, Dr. Temple (an old Rugby headmaster) officiated. A large and distinguished number of guests, including the Countess of Denbeigh, Viscount and Viscountess Fielding, Lady Clare Fielding, Lord and Lady Liugen, Lord and Lady Henley, and Sir James and Lady Whitehead witnessed the ceremony, which was fully choral. The bride was given away by her father. A reception was subsequently held in the New Big School, and after a short interval the bride and bridegroom left for London. The wedding presents included gifts from assistant masters of the school and the boys, the latter contributing a magnificent silver salver.

Hon. Lady Tryon gave a delightful dance at Admiralty House, Valetta, on the 15th ult. The mirrors in the drawing-room were draped with hanging garlands of smilax and pink geranium, and large quantities of ferns and arums were prettily arranged in recesses, &c. Lady Tryon wore a handsome satin dress of a lovely shade of Gobelin-blue, trimmed with fine old lace; magnificent diamond ornaments in the corsage and hair. Lady Smyth looked well in a becoming dress of black silk, with a tablier and bodice trimmings of rose-pink chiffon. Lady Edeline Strickland had a gown of "Ophelia" coloured brocade, trimmed with ostrich feathers of the same shade, and draped across the front with a flounce of rare old lace. Mrs. Buller wore a combination of velvet and Pompadour brocade. Lady Dingli had a satin gown of a bright shade of red, the front veiled with flounces of Brussels lace. Mrs. Quick wore a lovely "picture gown" of canary-coloured silk made with a Medici collar and front drapery of soft white crêpe, finished with a pearl girdle. Mrs. Symonds had a white satin ball gown, the bodice of which was prettily trimmed with bands of turquoise-studded passementerie. Mrs. Romilly wore a handsome dress of white brocaded velvet, trimmed across the front with a deep flounce of white lace. Mrs. Stewart had white satin, with a richly embroidered tablier. Miss Stewart's yellow tulle ball gown with panels and bodice trimmings of marron velvet was admired.

The annual Chester Volunteer ball took place in the large ball-room at the Grosvenor Hotel. A great many people were present, and dancing was kept up with much spirit to the strains of Eyton's band. Amongst those present were Mr. R. A. Yerburgh, M.P., and Mrs. Yerburgh, Colonel Evans Lloyd, Colonel and Mrs. Brown, Major Curteis, Major and Mrs. Randle Lord, &c., a good many gentlemen being in uniform.

The marriage of Mr. Victor Julian Taylor Spiers, M.A., Professor at King's College, and son of the late Professor Alexander Spiers, of the University of Paris, with Miss Florence Ann Mathews, daughter of the late Mr. George Mathews, of Streatham, was celebrated at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. G. R. Mathews, wore a dress of rich white brocaded satin, the bodice being made in the Empire style and trimmed with ostrich feathers and orange blossoms. She wore a small wreath of orange blossoms and a tulle veil, fastened by several diamond ornaments, the gift of the bridegroom, and carried a choice bouquet of white exotics. There were four bridesmaids in attendance, cousins of the bride and bridegroom, and they wore Empire dresses of pink and white cloth, and hats of white felt, trimmed to match their dresses. The bridegroom presented each with a gold lace pin, with the initials of the bride and bridegroom in pearls, and a pretty bouquet of flowers. The bridegroom was attended by his brother, Mr. Alexander Spiers, as best man. The Very Rev. the Dean of Westminster officiated, assisted by the Rev. Sydney Porter, M.A., uncle of the bride. After the ceremony a reception was held by Mrs. Mathews, at the Members' Mansions, and later in the afternoon Professor and Mrs. V. J. Taylor Spiers left for the south of England. The bride went away in a dress of shot red velvet, made *en Princesse*, and trimmed with black coque feathers, hat and boa to match.

The marriage of Mr. Willoughby Hyett Dickinson, of Woodlee, Balham, with Miss Minnie Elizabeth Meade, daughter of General Sir Richard Meade, took place at St. Jude's Church, South Kensington. The bride, who arrived with her father at two o'clock, wore a dress of rich ivory-white Irish poplin, tastefully trimmed with old Brussels lace, and made with a full Court train. She wore a spray of orange blossoms in her hair, covered with a lace veil, and carried a lovely bouquet of white flowers intermixed with fern. Miss May Hamilton Benn acted as train-bearer, and there were four bridesmaids in attendance on the bride. They wore dresses of grey and pink cloth, and large Gainsborough hats ornamented to match. Mr. W. Girdleston acted as best man to the bridegroom. The service was conducted by the Very Rev. the Dean of Worcester, till quite recently vicar of St. Jude's, assisted by the Rev. John Erskine Clarke, M.A., Canon of Winchester, and vicar of Battersea. After the ceremony the bridal party met at 65, Queen's-gate, the residence of the bride's parents, where a reception was held, and later in the day the newly-married couple left for Paris.

CHIT CHAT.

The Duke of Clarence and Avondale on Thursday celebrated his 28th birthday at Sandringham House.

Several interesting anecdotes are told of the late Khedive. On the morning of June 26, 1879, while walking in his garden at Koubeh, a servant approached him hurriedly and saluted him as "Effendina"—*i.e.*, Khedive. The unfortunate messenger had his ears boxed by the Viceregal hands. Sherif Pasha followed immediately after, and confirmed the news. Ismail had received a telegram from Constantinople instructing him that he was deposed, and Sherif handed him another from the same source instructing him to proclaim himself Khedive the same day.

At 3 o'clock that afternoon every flatterer of Ismail's had deserted him, and while Tewfik was being proclaimed Khedive at the Citadel amid an enthusiastic crowd, including officers who has solemnly sworn 48 hours before to die for Ismail, the ex-Khedive was playing backgammon with a solitary Englishman, apologising for being unable to offer him coffee because he had no servants.

At the time of the bombardment of Alexandria, when the Khedive was pressed to seek safety in flight, Tewfik had but one answer—"I am still Khedive, and I remain with my people in the hour of their danger." Only at the last moment did he consent to put himself actually beyond the reach of the shells at his palace of Ramleh, three miles outside the town. Here even his life and that of the Vice-Reine, who loyally stood by him, were in the greatest danger; the rebel soldiery surrounded the palace, and with difficulty he made his escape back through the flaming streets of Alexandria to his palace of Ras-el-Tin, when he reluctantly consented to a guard of British blue-jackets.

At the cholera time the Khedive was at Alexandria in comparative safety when the deaths at Cairo amounted to 2,000 a-day. Of his own initiative, in opposition to the advice of every one, he insisted on returning to the capital, accompanied only by his wife, who declined to desert him, Here he made the tour of the hospitals, conversed with the patients.

In private life Tewfik was amiable and unassuming, though not without a quiet dignity when he found it necessary to assert it. Unlike most Orientals, he was fond of talking of his wife and family, and when his sons were travelling on the Continent he used to read their letters, written in many languages, to any visitor who expressed an interest in them. To his wife he was devoted, and he practised the monogamy which he earnestly preached.

The late Khedive's eldest son Abbas, who succeeds him, was born in 1874. He is intelligent, has travelled in most countries of Europe, and speaks English, French, German, Turkish, and Arabic.

The latest information tends to confirm entirely the announcement that Dr. Richard Pfeiffer, of the Koch Institute, has discovered the influenza bacillus. Dr. Pfeiffer is director of the scientific department of the recently-founded Institute for Infectious Diseases. For the last few months he has been occupied in making an exhaustive investigation into the causes of influenza.

Dr. Pfeiffer's discovery is verified by Professor Koch. The efforts of Professor Koch and his assistants are now directed towards finding a method of destroying these microbes and arresting the progress of the disease.

Great progress has been made at Chicago in the construction of the works and buildings for the Exposition, and it is expected that all will be ready for the installation of exhibits by October 1, 1892—seven months before the Exposition will open its gates to the public.

President Harrison will next month send a special message to Congress regarding the Exposition. On February 22, the national holiday in commemoration of the birth of Washington, both Houses of Congress will visit Chicago to inspect the Exposition. When Congress returns to the national capital a Bill will be introduced in both Houses for an appropriation of 5,000,000dols. (£1,000,000) in aid of the Exposition.

The acceptance by Cardinal Manning of an invitation to prepare papers in connection with the Exposi-

tion has given satisfaction. Cardinal Manning has promised a paper to be read at the Congress on Religions, and another at the Labour Congress.

A Japanese journal describes a curious diary kept in the family of a well-to-do farmer in the province of Koshiu, in the centre of the main island. It has been kept regularly for more than 300 years. It was begun by one of his ancestors. The affairs of the house have been going on for the last three centuries without any notable change. The successive heads of the family were assiduous in noting day by day in their family record even the state of the weather. The diary is voluminous, filling seven or eight large boxes. In a recent dispute between two families, reference was made to the diary. A search in its pages resulted in the discovery in one of the early volumes of the diary of an entry made by one of the owner's ancestors of a dinner he attended given by an ancestor of one of the parties to the dispute on the occasion of the latter's founding a branch family; and as the entry was so detailed as to include even a minute account of the different dishes served on the occasion, it left no room for further wrangling.

When Sir R. Herbert and Calverley were at Oxford together they were great friends. The Chancellor's Latin Verse Prize is given in money, the amount being 30gs. Said one to the other, 'Don't let us cut each other's throats writing for this prize. If we both write they will divide it between us. You write for the next, and I will write for the next after; then we'll both get all.' The other agreed. Calverley wrote for the first, and Herbert for the second. Both got it. Calverley used to add, 'If there had been a dark horse to beat us both, it would have served us right for our cockiness; but, as it came off all right, no harm was done."

The Italians are probably about to undertake a formidable naval construction programme, to be carried out between the present year and 1903. It will provide for the construction of twelve battleships of the first class, thirty cruisers of the first class, and fifteen each of the second and third classes, with 150 torpedo boats. This scheme does not involve any special Parliamentary vote, the yearly sum of twenty-four million francs already voted being considered sufficient to cover the cost during the ten years proposed to be occupied in the work. Many of these vessels will replace old warships and cruisers gradually withdrawn.

A Chilian officer, writing on the effect of the Mannlicher rifle (1888 model), says that the first trials were made by the Congressionalist troops in their conflict with Balmaceda. At the battles of Concon and Placilla 3,446 men out of 9,925 combatants on the Parliamentary side were armed with the Mannlicher rifle. This weapon is remarkable for its precision at all distances. The handling is very easy to learn, and the construction is solid and of good quality. The wounds made by the bullets with this rifle are seldom mortal, and unless they prove fatal they are easily healed. 66 per cent. of the wounded soldiers on the Dictatorial side received bullets from the Mannlicher rifle. Balmaceda's troops were terrified by the effect of the volley. As regards accidents to the weapon in firing they amount to 7 or 8 per cent. after the discharge of 160 to 200 shots. The accidents were mostly caused by the bursting of the barrel. On the whole the Mannlicher rifle is superior to the patterns of Gras (1878 to 1884) and Comblain (1878).

Some amusement has been caused in Paris from the perusal of real or supposed fragments of the account written by the Shah of Persia of his adventures in Paris during the last Universal Exhibition. In one of these extracts there is a description of the visit paid to the Museum of the Louvre by the Oriental Potentate. When Nasir-ed-Din was well inside the building, M. Larroumet, of the Fine Arts Department, manifested every appearance of being about to make an official speech. "I fixed him with my eyes," the Shah is reported to have written, "and, surveying him from head to foot, I said 'Marche!'" M. Larroumet obeyed with the alacrity of a soldier and thus time was saved as well as unnecessary eloquence.

Thursday's County Quarter Session at Northampton was a maiden one. Such an event has it is said only occurred twice before during the history of the Northampton Sessions. One of these was some years ago, when Mr. Stockdale, the present Chairman, was the recipient of a pair of white gloves; and the other was in the reign of Henry V., in 1413.

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected COCOA, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.* Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets, by Grocers, labelled—"JAMES EPPS & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London.'

The news telegraphed from England that Sir F. Roberts had been raised to the Peerage had been expected for some time, and was everywhere in India received with the liveliest satisfaction, especially in military circles. It may be doubted whether the Indian army ever had a Commander-in-Chief more popular with all ranks, while the general public feel that the distinction was never more thoroughly deserved.

The School Board election at Northampton has ended in the supporters of Voluntary schools gaining the majority. The old Board consisted of six "Progressives" and five Church members. The new is composed of six in favour of the Voluntary principle and five unsectarian members. The Conservative Association returned the whole of their candidates, including the Rev. W. B. Sleight, who is connected with the education of deaf-mutes. The Roman Catholics returned Provost Blackman as a supporter of Voluntary Schools. The three rejected candidates included a temperance faddist and one "Independent" Liberal (both members of the old Board) and a Socialist.

The receipts and expenditure of the Paris Exhibition of 1889 show a balance of about £400,000 to the good; while that of 1867 gave one of only £112,000, and that of 1878, organised at the cost of the State, left a deficit of £1,268,000. But in 1878 there was no subsidy from the State, whereas in 1889 the State contributed £680,000, and in 1867 £240,000.

The Council of Judges will, under the Judicature Acts, meet this month at the summons of the Lord Chancellor, when the Lord Chief Justice will call attention to the following subjects:—The circuit system as regards civil business, and in connection with this on the present system of venues. The present block in the Chancery Division of the High Court, and how far the present practice of that Division contributes to, or creates, it. The multiplication of the number of appeals which, with their attendant costs, has been one of the evil effects of the Judicature Acts. The expenses of appeals to the House of Lords. The general costliness of litigation in our Courts. The disappearance, or at least the great diminution, of commercial business; the causes of that diminution; and whether any attempts to bring it back to the Courts of law be practicable or desirable. The desirability of some legal means of reviewing sentences in criminal causes.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has informed a correspondent that there is no intention on the part of the Government of withdrawing florins from circulation, or of ceasing to use them; and that, with regard to double florins, no action will be taken until the report of the Committee on the Design of Coins, appointed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, has been received.

The *Schlesische Zeitung*, the most widely circulated paper in the eastern provinces of Germany, recently celebrated the 150th anniversary of its foundation. The Emperor has written to congratulate the present proprietor on the event.

Professor R. L. Garner, whose papers in the *New Review* on the Simian Tongue have attracted much attention, is going to try to learn more about the Simian language. He will take phonographs, photographic apparatus, &c.

On Dr. Garner recently visiting a little brown Capuchin monkey, at the New York Zoo, that had seen him but once it began to call out to him as soon as he entered the door. He took the phonograph into his hands and jabbered into it in a very human fashion.

Dr. Garner gives an amusing account of his experience with a monkey named Maginty in the New York Zoo the other day. He had held one conversation with Maginty, and went back to see him again the next day. As soon as Maginty saw him he began to call. Dr. Garner took no notice, wishing to see what the monkey would do next. He began to drum on his cage with his knuckles. (The monkey Jokes, in Charlestown, South Carolina, had done the same thing when he wished to attract Dr. Garner's attention.) He now went towards Maginty's cage, who showed every sign of pleasure. The keeper said that he would bite Dr. Garner if he put his fingers in the cage, but the little fellow took them in both his hands and hugged them in the most affectionate manner, and would hardly let him leave. The keeper then said that no one could go into the cage without being bitten. Dr. Garner not only went in, but soon had the monkey on his hand, jabbering and eating a bit of apple. When the keeper approached, Maginty would spring off Dr. Garner's hand to the side of the cage, where he would cling with every demonstration of anger, turning every now and then to his new friend, as if to say, "See, I've scared him!"

MEMORIAL WINDOWS.—Messrs. Mayer and Co., of Munich, and 149, New Bond-street, London, solicit a visit to their showrooms, where they have always on view stained-glass windows and other objects of ecclesiastical art, executed for almost any part of the kingdom. Messrs. Mayer and Co., will have great pleasure in submitting designs and estimates for any window in contemplation free of all charge.

THE PROGRESS OF MEDICAL ELECTRICITY.

Reprinted from one of the leading Belgian daily newspapers L'ETOILE BELGE]

No foreigner visiting London will regret to have sacrificed a few moments in examining the imposing building at 52, Oxford-street (corner of Rathbone-place), the seat of a celebrated company known under the name of the Medical Battery Company (Limited), the President of which is Mr C. B. Harness, who, struck by the curative qualities of electricity, has persevered for many years past in adopting and perfecting the most ingenious methods and inventions. With an ever-increasing success, he has introduced his Electropathic treatment for almost all the diseases which afflict humanity. He has invented and brought to a high degree of perfection the Electropathic Belt, which is composed of a system of batteries actuated by moisture from the skin. These batteries supply the organism with a continuous and mild current of electricity acting imperceptibly with a great power on the whole of the system. Nervous diseases and general debility, rheumatism, gout, diseases of the liver and kidneys, &c., they have always ameliorated, and often effected the complete recovery of the patient, as has been proved by the numerous letters and testimonials, recommendations of eminent physicians, &c. which the company are constantly receiving.

Besides these Belts of various electric power of all sizes and forms, the extensive rooms of the institution contain all the electric appliances, from the simplest to the most complicated that science has produced, to act by powerful or mild currents according to the requirements of the special diseases submitted to them for treatment. Other rooms are fitted with electric baths, or devoted to massage by hand or machinery, assisted by electric currents; and last, some rooms are set apart for Swedish mechanical exercise for the development of the muscles, the correcting of the defects of the limbs, and the general strengthening of the system. In short, this establishment is the most perfect of its kind existing, and the physicians electricians, and other officers in attendance can be consulted gratuitously, either personally or by correspondence. The work is admirably conducted by employés and nurses of both sexes. Those who visit the Company's Electropathic and Zander Institute will come out of it with the conviction that electricity is not only the least dangerous, but at the same time the most powerful curative agent known. Consultation and advice can be obtained gratuitously, either by personal application or letter. All communications are regarded as strictly private and confidential, and should be addressed to Mr. C. B. Harness, President of the Medical Battery Company (Limited), 52, Oxford-street, W.

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